

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

AN EPIC POEM,

ENTITLED

THE OPEN HAND;

An Indian Tale of

MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK,

Founded on Historical Facts and Sustained by Tradition.

William Hae Bartlett

BY W. D. KEARNEY.

*Grand Falls
Victoria*

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PREFACE.

In offering the following Poem for the perusal of a generous and intelligent public, I confidently look forward to a kind reception of this, the first-born offspring of my muse. Born and reared in the Province of New Brunswick, from my earliest youth I have been imbued with a strong love of my native land, and a warm interest in all connected with its history. In the annals of the past, perhaps nothing stands out in bolder relief than the trials and privations which our forefathers were compelled to undergo, and the dangers by which they were surrounded, from the inborn hostility of the Indian to the White, too often fostered and fed by the contending powers themselves. It seems scarcely credible to us, accustomed to a higher civilization, that such scenes should occur, and such means be used, as were only too common, in the war between the English and French of that period. But the page of History plainly shows that such things were, alas! but too true; and while we look back with a kind of pitying horror on the past, we rejoice that Providence has permitted us to live at a period when such things are known but by tradition, and Christianity and education have extended their mild and beneficent sway. Keeping those facts in view, I have endeavored to portray the vicissitudes experienced by one of the early settlers and his friends, and shall feel amply recompensed, should my humble efforts meet with a cordial reception from my fellow countrymen.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE OPEN HAND.

PART I.

CANTO I.

The lovely moon, whose glorious light,
By heaven ordained to cheer the night,
Had spread her silvery light afar,
Just mounting her triumphal car,
And casting o'er her face the cloud,
Varying the tinting of her shroud,
O'er woods, and brooks, and hills, and dales,
And o'er our northern snowy vales,
Where dark Penobscot winds its way,
Until it gains the narrow bay,
Which bears its name, (some native word—
Perhaps a beast, or man, or bird,)
As bays or streams—such the belief—
Were named for some great ancient chief,
The chiefs of their own native wood
For ages made their empire good,
To fish, or hunt, the season round—

Each tribe on its allotted ground,
 The natives, formed by nature rude,
 Exposed to sun, and storm and flood;
 Their hardy frames, to toil inured,
 Privation easily endured;
 Brave, noble, warlike, fierce and wild—
 The same if fortune frowned or smiled—
 Kind, if by kindness they were won,
 And ne'er forgot a favor done;
 But vengeance was as keen and rife,
 And seldom ended but with life.

CANTO II.

Such was the race our fathers found
 When first they touched the favored ground,
 When first the "Mayflower"* bore her crew
 Of Pilgrims here, they were but few.
 But ere three scores of years had passed,
 The Saxon race had spread so fast,
 That now the forest waving brown,
 Had given way to many a town;
 And fields of grain the toil repaid

* The ship that bore the first English colonists to New England was called the Mayflower.

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Of tilling earth, the master trade.
The natives viewed with jealous ire,
And oft made war with arms and fire ;
Full many was the oppressed man,
Who left his home in distant land,
With wife and babes in wilds to roam,
In Massachusetts found a home.
Some gave their blood in battle strife,
Or in keen torments ended life ;
Some slain and scalped in wood and brake,
Some died by torture at the stake.

CANTO III.

But the English so increased around
That hostile tribes soon lost their ground ;
They extended east, and south, and west,
Of where they first sat down to rest ;
Wars with the French already stained,
'Twas in the second George's reign,
The fields and wilds with noble blood,
So freely shed for country's good.
For Louis to his favorites gave,
French nobles crafty, proud and brave,
Grants of that fertile country

From forty-one to fifty-three
 Degrees of north, where Cartier* free,
 Had long explored the colony,
 Quebec sprung first from rocky bound,
 Then Montreal the Island town.
 And several other towns of name,
 By destiny fixed for future fame;
 And on the banks of fair St. John,
 The sons of France did freely roam,
 The French and Indians roaming free,
 Together lived in harmony.

CANTO IV.

Thus when stern warfare rolled its tide,
 Together were they side by side;
 Far from Acadia's† distant wild,
 The Mellicite,‡ (stern nature's child)
 If his French father should request,
 Would arm to see his wrongs redressed;
 He would descend with fire and knife,

*Jacques Cartier was the first French navigator that explored the St. Lawrence.

†The present Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were formerly called Acadia by the French.

‡The St. John Indians were always called Mellicites.

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Nor spared he babe or mother's life;
E'en cattle lowing on the hill,
In his wild rage he oft would kill.
Thus peaceful hamlets wrapped in flames
And captives running gauntlet games,
Were pleasant sights for him to view,
If it was English blood they drew.
Tho' oft in vengeance turned back,
The hardy woodsman on his track,
And with the natives would engage,
And bloody fight and warfare wage;
Thus many days those settlers passed,
Not knowing which would be their last.
From where Penobscot winds its way,
From the land of lakes* unto its bay,
To where the tall White Mountains join
Themselves unto New Hampshire's line;
These lands were ravaged far and wide,
By the painted race of many a tribe;
And what I purpose to define
Took place in seventeen fifty-nine,
When the whole breadth of our frontier

*At the head of Penobscot river there are numerous lakes.

Was desolation, death and fear;
 Yet on the dark Penobscot side,
 And far above the reach of tide,
 There many a hardy pioneer
 Resolved to live in spite of fear.
 A lovely vale through which a brook
 Unto Penobscot river took
 Its course, first watering this fair vale,
 Itself for miles a fertile swale,
 Without a hill to change the scene,
 Or break the view of lovely green;
 While down upon the western side
 Some broken hilly lands divide
 This valley from some other vale—
 Perchance from mountain, hill and dale.

CANTO V.

Those pioneers, a hardy race,
 Well skilled in fishing, war and chase,
 By friendship's deepest ties were bound,
 For all did move on dangerous ground.
 Thus when men's interests are the same,
 And interest becomes a common name,

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Friendship is natural as breath,
Or dissolution after death;
Although from different climes they came,
Their toils and dangers were the same.
Thus when sweet spring in grace disclosed
The earth, long hid by winter snows,
Each would his humble station fill,
The ground to cultivate and till;
And when hot summer's sultry breeze,
Its fragrance spread among the trees,
They'd hunt the bear and bounding deer,
Or fish in brook, or river clear;
But in all toils, on brook or land,
Their trusty weapons kept in hand;
And Sabbath morn each would betake,
Himself to church among the brake—
A small rude chapel, where was heard
From pious lips, the sacred word.

CANTO VI.

'Twas when sweet spring with varied hue,
Had decked the fields with flowers new,
And heavenly powers, rich in grace,

Had blessed the earth—man's resting place.
It chanced one evening very late,
Two comrades in the tavern sat—
A lonely inn down in the vale,
Where oft was heard the hunter's tale—
Conversing low, in earnest tone,
And, save the host, they were alone.
One was tall and spare of frame,
Formed for toil or hunting game;
His dark brown hair, well tinged with grey,
Around his brow hung carelessly;
His flashing eyes and features told
A spirit not to be controlled.
He spoke with freedom, not with fear,
Of Indian actions far and near.
While speaking thus, in earnest tone,
The light upon his comrade shone;
It showed a face where middle age,
Had lightly set its signet sage;
With soft, black eyes and glossy hair,
His tone was mild, his features fair;
His massive forehead, broad and high,

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Showed plain to each observing eye
That greatness, nobleness of soul,
And genius, formed in nature's mould
A face of which the majesty
From groveling passions seemed quite free,
Whilst his broad chest and shoulders square,
Showed mighty strength to slumber there.

CANTO VII.

h grey,

The elder spake, "Well, George," he said,
"I did not mean you to upbraid,
But still I think you'd better choose
To join the scheme that I propose.
These Indians are too false to love,
And proofs I'll add to those I gave.
But lest your patience should grow cold,
My plan to you I will unfold.
You know that Blacksnake's not at home,
But through the northern wilds doth roam;
His Squaw has now the sole command,
With Wauban of the bloody hand,
And with them bide not more than two
Of all his howling, thieving crew.

Would it not be a noble thing,
To render service to our King
And country, George? for well we know,
Each redskin round us is our foe.
'Tis not three years since first they came
From the dark north like winter's rain,
To poison all the good that sprung
From any Indians us among.
They hate us much, which they will show
If chance they get to strike a blow,
Which they'll soon find, you may depend,
This is my firm opinion, friend.
I've often watched their dark divan,
While they were forming many a plan,
With our own Indians, up to rise,
And massacre us by surprise,
And you remember well the night,
When tidings came of Braddock's fight;
How the red devils danced with joy,
They thought, in secret,—but a boy,
One of my sons, there chanced to be
In those dark woods, and said to me

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He saw them dance and heard them sing—
The woods did with their echoes ring:
“Death to the English,” then did raise
From their brown lips as in the days
They burned Waldo, and with pain
I tell, for father there was slain.
My brother, too,” he clenched his teeth
And choked, but tears to his relief
Did quickly come; but those he dashed
Away, yet from his dark eyes flashed
Keen lightning glances as he spoke,
Emotions oft his utterance broke.

CANTO VIII.

“Oh, yes, George Milburn, pray that fate
May save us ere it is too late;
For I can say, and yet not boast,
Of knowledge of this redskin host
I have as much as any man
Who in those northern wilds doth stand.
Connecticut, the land of truth,
Was where I passed my early youth,
Until I reached fair manhood’s prime,

Then Indians occupied my time.
 For eighteen years I was their foe,
 As many have good cause to know;
 For oft in battle I have stood,
 And oft have shed the red man's blood;
 Oft through Acadia's wilds I've passed,
 And by St. John my tents have cast,
 And from long watching well I know
 Each savage round us is our foe;
 Besides, a Frenchman* late was seen
 With Paris cap and coat of green,
 With Blacksnake winding thro' the wood—
 Such visitors bode little good.
 Now join my scheme, it is complete,
 To kill each red-skinned Mellicite.
 As sables bound upon the hares,
 We'll bound upon them unawares;
 They are good nine—I ask but five
 To kill or take them all alive."

CANTO IX.

George Milburn mused as such as he

* French emissaries were common among the Indians, in those days, hiring and encouraging them to wage war with the English.

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Can only muse in misery.
He thought on future wars and strife
That only end with foeman's life;
He thought of children, fathers, wives,
The cost and sacrifice of lives;
Then silence's painful trance he broke,
And turning round, these words he spoke:
"Forgive, dear Burwell, if you can,
But I must differ from your plan,
For dreadful war will surely break
Upon us if those lives we take.
The Quoddy tribe that we're among
Most dearly would avenge the wrong;
Though Blacksnake's of another tribe,
He sits as brother by the side
Of Moxus and the Lowering Brow,
And other warlike chiefs I trow.
He smokes in council just the same
As if from them he took his name,
While Moxus always friendship bore
To every white on this wild shore.
He must not think I bear a part

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Of hate or malice in my heart,
 For now he thinks I am his friend,
 And war with him, where would it end?
 But one strong building in the glen,
 And at the most not fifty men,
 Who most have wives and children dear,
 Their happy homes and hearths to cheer.
 No! not for all King George's power
 Would I make war one single hour,
 Or move for blood one inch from hence,
 Or fight unless 'twas in defense
 Of our sweet homes and kindred dear—
 But meanwhile let's be of good cheer,
 And try by gifts and friendship true
 These savage natives to subdue;
 So now, my friend, this counsel take;
 Go home and dream not of Blacksnake."

CANTO X.

The moon had risen bright and fair,
 Each wild beast slumbered in his lair,
 The hawks and eagles, birds of prey,
 No longer winged their forward way,

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But on some spreading branches high
Awaited morn in eastern sky;
No sound to break the silence still,
Except afar on distant hill
Some famished wolf now howling ran,
Scared by the tents of christian man;
And treading o'er the verdure green
A manly figure might be seen
Which passed the camps and houses rude;
Oft on his way he paused and stood
As if some subject chafed his mind,
And still that face, so mild and kind,
Shewed nought of hatred, pride or fear,
Again his forward course he'd steer,
But grief and sorrow filled his breast,
His heart was with a load oppressed;
And musing still kept on the road,
Until he reached a house that stood
'Part from the rest, the hill beside,
A vale in front, formed to divide
It from the river, dark and free,
That flowed along so gracefully.

An air of neatness reigned around,
 Which in these wilds was seldom found;
 The garden walled around with care,
 (For plants and flowers blossomed there,)
 And here an elm and there an oak,
 Which from the house the north winds broke,
 He paused before he reached the door,
 And cast his eyes the village o'er,
 Where dwelt the friends to him so dear,
 And pity forced from him a tear.
 He knelt down on the cold door stone,
 And fervently he prayed alone,
 Alone! I said—no, He who hears
 And answers true and fervent prayers
 Had listened from His holy throne—
 I dare not say he was alone.

CANTO XI.

"O, gracious Father," thus he prayed,
 "Deign to vouchsafe to us thine aid,
 And give me words to pray aright,
 For all must spring from thy great might.
 Great God! I fear thy mighty hand

is stretched in vengeance o'er the land;
For sinful deeds thy wrath has come,
Must we be driven from our home?
For wars, oh, Lord, are servants thine,
Sent down to scourge this lovely vine,
Which thou hast planted fair and free
In wild woods of America.
Oh, Lord! have mercy on our race—
Poor erring mortals, give us grace,
And save us from each savage foe
That in these wilds would lay us low.
But still, oh Lord, if such thy will,
That cruel Indians should us kill,
We pray that thou our souls will take,
And save us thine, for Jesus' sake."
He rose and gently tapped the door,
He heard a light step on the floor,
"Is that my George?" "Yes, love," said he—
The door was opened speedily
By sylph-like form of lovely mien,
Rarely in courts or cities seen;
No dazzling charms, but gentle grace

Adorned each line of that sweet face;
 Those azure eyes of heavenly blue,
 Told of a nature kind and true;
 But why describe a face so fair?
 All earthly goodness centred there.
 "Speak, George, my love, what trouble now
 Has cast its shadow on thy brow?
 Ah, me! I fear some dreadful tale
 Of Indian warfare in this vale,
 Or have we lost some darling friend?—
 We know our troubles never end.
 Speak, George, and ease my anxious breast,
 For thy kind nature cannot rest;
 When others grieve, you too must mourn,
 By others' cares your heart is torn."

CANTO XII.

"Oh! dear Matilda, days have come
 When warfare reaches to our home;
 The savage hordes shew hostile mien,
 And French among them have been seen.
 We must begin to guard our glen,
 And save or sell our lives like men,

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And I for one must now prepare
To guard ourselves and children dear;
I fear not death in wildest form—
I've faced the battle and the storm,
But when your safety is at stake,
It might my pride and courage break.
And our dear babes, God keep from harm,
Protect them with thy mighty arm.
We'll strive at fate not to repine,
But trust in Providence divine."
"Dear George," she said, whilst tears did roll,
Such tidings had o'erwhelmed her soul,
"I've prayed that God would grant one boon:
That, be it distant, aye, or soon,
Either in sickness or in gore—
To die with thee, I ask no more.
And if our babes should die in youth,
They ne'er will wander from the truth,
But rise, His name to glorify,
And meet their parents in the sky."

CANTO XIII.

Twas thus this couple passed their time
Until the clock struck midnight's chime,

Then laid them down to seek that rest
 By which our natures are so blest.
 Little they dreamed there were so near
 Two deadly foes their words to hear;
 Two redskins fierce, of mighty fame,
 Who to the cottage early came,
 Soon as the inmates sank to rest,
 One to the other this addressed:
 "The wigwam this of Open Hand,
 The sachem* of that yangeet band,
 Who, part with presents, part with bribes,
 Has won the hearts of half our tribes.
 Those cursed yangees shoot our game—
 How changed is all since here they came!
 Our forests and our hills they roam,
 Until our tribes have scarce a home;
 But Blacksnake says the time is near
 When we must clear them out from here,
 And drive them to the shades of hell,

* Chiefs, or men noted for bravery, were called sachems.

† The term "yankee" is an Indian corruption of the word English, which they could not pronounce. The nearest approach they could make to that word being "yangee," which in time became corrupted to the present term, Yankee.

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With fiends and Mischeant* to dwell.†
 He paused, then both in silence stood—
 First viewed the river then the wood;
 Then for a moment neither spoke—
 At length the other silence broke.

CANTO XIV.

"Our runners who were lately sent,
 To the Northern tribes with speed they went,
 Will soon return, and then we'll know
 How the French father rates each foe;‡
 For I've heard say in former times,
 How silver flowed as from the mines,
 For English scalps, when Castine§ good
 Was sent across the roaring flood,
 Or great salt lake,§ to cheer our heart,
 And bade us keep our weapons sharp;
 Enough I've said of days gone by,
 For now this Open Hand must die.

* The north-eastern tribes believed in the existence of an evil spirit, which they termed Mischeant.

† The French Government paid their Indian auxiliaries large sums for scalps and captives taken in this war.

‡ Baron de Castine, a celebrated French official, who resided a few years prior to the date of our tale, near the town which now bears his name.

§ The ocean was termed by Indians the great salt lake.

And, Logan, see, the time has come
 That Open Hand must cease to roam;
 This chance once lost, the Open Hand
 Will soon collect a mighty band,
 And fight us long with utmost art,
 Before from these fair plains they'll part.
 But him once gone, the rest we'll slay,
 As warm south winds melt snow away.
 My father's spirit is roaming wide,
 Since Lovewell fought with Paugus' tribe,
 And when night winds are howling by,
 My father's spirit then is nigh,
 And whispers, 'Mathla! vengeance take
 On yangee whiteskins for my sake.'
 So now's the time, for loud he calls.
 Let's slay this man, and burn those walls,
 And make his squaw and children know
 What ours so often undergo.*

CANTO XV.

The plan conceived—one moment mute—
 They two rushed forth to execute.

* It was the belief that the spirits of deceased warriors hovered near their friends until their deaths were avenged.

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* Famine

Like hungry bears with eager stroke
The door and windows both they broke,
And rushing fiercely thro' the hall,
For Open Hand did loudly call.
George Milburn heard the heavy stroke
Of hatchet which the window broke.
His rifle which had o'er him hung
He seized as from the bed he sprung,
And e'er they twice for him did call,
He stood before them in the hall.
What, Mathla! Logan! well he knew
Those Indians—those ungrateful two;
For oft he'd fed them with good grace,
When famine stared them in the face.*
But avarice and vengeful ire
Quenched grateful thoughts and good desire.
The moon which shone through lattice bright,
For hostile deeds gave ample light,
And as George Milburn raised his gun,
A hatchet at his head was flung;
And that moment, when the call
Of death flew with his vengeful ball,

* Famine was very common among the north-eastern tribes.

Old Logan fell, and purple gore
 Did from his dark breast gushing pour,
 Whilst his keen axe a lodging found
 In Milburn's arm—a ghastly wound.
 The parties stood a moment mute,—
 Stern silence reigned—none moved a foot,
 Till Milburn's oldest child—a boy,
 His father's hope, and mother's joy—
 A youth of fourteen summers fair,
 With jet black eyes and curling hair,—
 Came bounding to his father's side,
 Like aged veteran often tried.
 'See, father, see! he draws his knife,'
 And now a contest for his life
 Was waged by each with deadly ire,
 With nerves of steel and eyes of fire.
 Each had an object more than life,
 Depending on the deadly strife.
 One fought for vengeance, life and gain,
 The other fought with might and main
 The partner of his life to free
 From death or worse captivity.*

* Females at that period preferred death to captivity by the Indians.

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The Indian yelled with hellish rage,
And forward bounded to engage,
Whilst George, whose feelings none can know,
Advanced with cautious steps and slow.
At length they met and steady stood,
Each other viewed in different mood ;
George rather would not take his life,
His Christian soul abhorred the strife ;
Go ! Mathla, go ! from whence you came,
Not till I leave this house in flame,
And have your scalp with me to shew
That I'm the white man's direst foe,
Then do your worst, if it must be ;
God grant to right the victory !
He poised his rifle as he spoke,
And down it came with crushing stroke ;
The swarthy savage saw the blow,
And to avoid it bended low ;
His axe he raised to ward the same,
Yet partly on his back it came ;
Then wheeling suddenly he rose,
Determined with his foe to close.
Like adder darting from his coil,

ly by the Indians.

Like wolf that grapples with the spoil,
 Like mountain cat that guards her young,
 Fall at George Milburn's throat he sprung,
 And locked his arms his foeman round,
 While his keen axe dropped to the ground,
 But still retained his dangerous knife,
 And fiercely stabbed for Milburn's life.
 George saw the only chance to free
 Himself from his fell enemy,
 Was by embrace his arms to stay,
 And leave no room for knife to play;
 And thus entwined they crossed the hall,
 Each striving, tripping, for the fall,
 For each knew should he reach the floor,
 The last chance for his life was o'er.

CANTO XVI.

Each had great strength at his command,
 And used it with unsparing hand,
 Till flesh gave way and blisters rose,
 From deadly clasp of deadlier foes.
 No active Frenchman e'er was found,
 To lay stern Mathla on the ground;

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No Iroquois* of that warlike race
 Dared singly this stout chieftain face;
 Right up steep mountains could he press,
 And not a sob his toil confess.
 Of stature high, and strong of frame,
 But yet too young to bear great name,
 Old chiefs would say as he'd pass by,
 That mighty Mathla's strength would vie
 With Escambuit* of former days,
 Whom the French monarch deigned to praise.

CANTO XVII.

To equal him fierce Mathla tried,
 It was his hope, his wish, his pride,
 And thus he thought some deed of fame,
 Would glory give, and raise his name;
 And now when warfare far and wide
 Gave ample scope for warrior's pride,
 He thought to slay the Open Hand,
 Well known as chief of that small band

* The Iroquois or Six Nations, were always friendly to the English.

* Escambuit, a noted chief of the Passamaquoddy tribe, sailed in a vessel to France, and was presented to the king at Versailles. After the ceremony of presentation he stretched forth his right arm and said—"This hand has slain ninety-eight of your Majesty's enemies in New England;" whereupon the king made him many rich presents.

Of English settled far and wide,
 Above the dark Penobscot's tide;
 But still no warrior in the land
 Was found a match for Open Hand,
 Whose mighty strength old Mathla knew,
 Was full a match for any two
 Stout Indian braves, such nature's laws,
 And Logan brought to aid the cause,
 Now Logan's body, stained with gore,
 Lay stark and lifeless on the floor,
 Whilst o'er it, round it, on it, raged
 The conflict those two foemen waged;
 For seldom has it been the lot
 Of writer, modern or forgot,
 E'er to record such dreadful strife
 As those two waged for either's life.
 For once fierce Mathla seemed to gain
 Advantage in the deadly strain,—
 Had Milburn forced upon his knee,
 And raised the shout of victory!
 Sure that his foe the battle lost,
 But reckoned he without his host,
 For Milburn rose unscathed by harm,

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With Mathla's weight upon his arm ;
And fortune did at length decide
What valor had but vainly tried.
George Milburn's son, that noble child,
Not daunted by the conflict wild,
Advanced to share the dangerous strife,
Nor thought but of his father's life.
The chieftain's hatchet by him laid,
It seized, no longer he delayed,
Dealt feeble blows with mighty zeal ;
The swarthy chieftain soon did yield,
But not till blood from many a wound,
Had flowed like water all around,
Then weak and bruised and wounded sore,
He sank exhausted on the floor.

CANTO XVIII.

George Milburn freed, his earliest care
Was to console his partner fair,
Who, reared on Europe's distant shore,
Had ne'er seen strife or blood before.
Her sire, one of the merchant kings
Whence England boasts her power springs,
For wealth and virtue famed wide,

Ere to the altar led his bride,
And he, though rich, a plebeian stood,
Beside a maid of noble blood,
This daughter was his only child,
As we've described her, fair and mild,
Well skilled and learned in every art
That beautifies the mind and heart.
She was her parent's solace dear,
And oft would comfort them, and cheer ;
In dark affliction's trying hour,
She oft had shown her magic power ;
But when her father came to know
Misfortune's darkest, direst blow,
His gentle wife did yield her breath,
To that all potent tyrant death ;
And rest of comfort from this time,
Bade farewell to his native clime.
And his Matilda oft was prayed,
By her own kin of lordly grade,
To stay within her native land
Where lords and nobles sought her hand ;
For beauty fair and gentle fame,
Had gained for her a lofty name,

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But still this noble maiden fair,
Her father's lot would sooner share,
And by his side she chose to stay
To cheer him on his lonely way;
So like the swallow, left her home,
Midst other scenes and climes to roam,
Life for her father lost its charms,
He drooped and died within her arms,
He gave his spirit to his God,
His body rests beneath the sod;
He left her in the world alone,
Without a friend, without a home.

CANTO XIX.

But virtue never wants a friend,
Among true hearted Englishmen—
A living token of God's grace,
That marks our Anglo Saxon race.
Her woful tale of sorrow known,
Brought many an offer of a home,
Accepting of a farmer's care,
She, with his daughters free and fair,
Soon learned the flocks and herds to rear;
She learned to fish in rivers clear,

And dress the game that hunters brought,
And with her needle oft she wrought
On skins of deer, or garments made
Of wool and hair wove in the glade.
Content she was in humble sphere,
For rural life has charms most dear
To every true and noble mind
That pleasure can in virtue find.
Thus happy days by her were spent,
In usefulness and sweet content.
Till little Cupid's painted dart
Transfixed itself within her heart.
A band of Rangers* scouring wide,
Had met and fought some hostile tribe,
And now the strife and battle o'er,
Their wounded leader thence they bore,
And when the twilight on them shone,
They reached the glade, Matilda's home,
And left him to the tender care
Of farmer's wife, and daughters fair,
Who used their skill his wounds to heal,

* Those men who voluntarily hunted the Indians in parties were called "rangers."

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And nursed him with untiring zeal,
Till health upon him shed its ray,
Which did their care and toil repay.
But all must yield to nature's laws,
And first to love, that quickly draws
A host of feelings in its train—
We think, and pause, and think again.
But why describe the magic spell,
Or on love's feelings pause to dwell?
Love's tender flame is felt by all,
In peasant's cot or lordly hall.
They soon in wedlock's bands were joined,
Alike in heart, alike in mind.
Her husband's father tilled the ground,
Not many miles from Casco town,
With wealth enough, but still quite free
From pride and all pomposity:
His children, reared in fear of God,
Had learned to walk in wisdom's road,
And by the sweet example taught
Of mother's love before them brought,
They learned from her their duty free,
Of faith, hope, love and charity.

A mother's name, how sweet the sound !
 And few for worth or fame renowned,
 But what must bless a mother's truth,
 Imparted in their early youth.

CANTO XX.

Thus George grew up, till manhood's pride
 Arrived, and he stood by the side
 Of warriors bold that knew no fear,
 Of hostile tribes their homes to clear.
 He showed such conduct in the fight,
 Did courage, strength and skill unite,
 That ere two years of warfare made,
 He had received a captain's grade ;
 Then at the age when love gains o'er
 The heart, (I mean sweet twenty-four,)
 He wooed and won Matilda fair,
 The queen of love, of truth the heir,
 And with her left his youthful home,
 Determined to no longer roam,
 But to enjoy a peaceful life,
 Away from turmoil, hate and strife ;
 And by his wisdom kept quite free
 From war, the small community

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That dwelt with him along the vale,
Described in opening of this tale,
Until the war of which I spoke,
In all its fury on them broke.
So celebrated was his name,
That many mighty chiefs of fame
Refused to mingle in the war,
Or join in ranging parties far.
From them the French by various ways,
Did try the Indians to engage,
For emissaries far and wide,
Were sent to each and every tribe,
And forts* and depots built to trade
In scalps and captives, Indians made.

* Shortly after the breaking out of the war, the French erected a chain of forts up the St. John river to the St. Lawrence waters;

PART II.

CANTO I.

'Twas morn, and bright the orb of day
Spread through the trees its flashing ray,
Cheering the hearts of all mankind,
The earth its genial heat did find;
It shone on all, both bond and free,
Each did its rays and splendor see;
And in a nook by a hill side,
By which a stream did gently glide,
Far from the homes of yangees bold,
The assembled chiefs did council hold.
Chiefs there did meet, and warriors stern
For purposes they came to learn;
For great Melhatchee, chief of all
The Eastern tribes, for them did call;
For great events of recent date
It was his purpose to relate.
And now assembled in this nook,
Each chief and warrior station took;

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In rows they sat upon the bank—
In front were chiefs of highest rank
Of Quoddy tribes and Taratines,*
Brothers in council at all times.
By them sat chiefs from Loostook's† banks,
Algonquins‡ too, did swell their ranks.
All sat or leaned upon the ground,
Until they formed a circle round;
And in the centre fiercely blazed
A glowing pile by warriors raised—
And, save the twigs which snapped and flamed,
On all the space a silence reigned.
At length the chief Melhatchee rose,
The council pipe he did expose,
Which from his lips he did convey
To a brother chief, and this did say:
Speak, Nena, speak, and then impart
What the Great Spirit gives thy heart
Of wisdom, truth and good desire,
To aid us at our council fire.

* The present Indians at Oldtown, on the Penobscot, are remnants of the Tarratine and Quoddy tribes.

† Walloostook, or Lopstook, was the Indian name of the upper St. John, of which, probably, "Aroostook" is a corruption.

‡ Algonquins were a small tribe located near the borders of Canada.

And thus the pipe the circuit made,
Of chiefs that came to lend their aid
Unto the council in such way
As best befitted them to say.

CANTO II.

They painted were of different hue—
Some black, some striped, some red, some blue;
And some were white—those peace desired,
And black those who for war were fired.
The chief arose and silence broke,
And proudly, sternly thus he spoke:
“My brothers, hear the words so true
Of Col. Hartel here with you.
Our hatchets and our knives to take,
And fierce war on the yangees make!
Interest and hatred here combine,
For Hartel says there is a mine
Of silver emptied from afar,
For Indians in this sacred war,
So let's be rich, and gain our ends,
To slay our foes and aid our friends.
And make our mark on many a vale,
With daring deeds to leave a tale;

That's what true warriors most desire
When scorching with ambition's fire.

CANTO III.

He ceased, and then Melhatchee spoke,
And harped long on the treaties broke
By English hunters far and wide,
From Loostook to Penobscot's side.

And having thus addressed his band,
He took the Frenchmen by the hand.

Speak! brother Hartel, and disclose
If our French father means as foes
All those who speak the English tongue,
Or merely those who've done him wrong
By building fires upon his land,
And daring him with arms in hand.

Young Lewis Hartel rose with pride,
And viewed the natives by his side,
A young French colonel, blithe and gay,
Who from Quebec had made his way,
By promises and sums paid down,
To unite the tribes to his master's crown.
Now hear me, brother, thus he said,
Our father needs his children's aid

'Gainst each and every Englishman
That in America doth stand.
And thus to soothe each warriors pride,
Our generous father pays each tribe
Two thousand crowns of silver bright
For every year they choose to fight.
Likewise, brave warriors, mark me well,
For solemn truths to you I tell,
Your father's love for you will last
Till sun and moon and stars are past;
As proof to every gallant brave,
This every warrior strong shall have—
For every scalp which man has wore,
Shall have five crowns of silver more.
For every captive shall be paid,
So much for sex, so much for grade;
Besides great stores of spoil at need,
Which amply will repay each deed.
To save you trouble, toil and care,
Upon the banks of Loostock fair
Are forts so strong as to defy
All England's power far and nigh;
Those filled with stores and silver bright,

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To cheer the heart and please the sight
Of noble warriors in the cause
Of French religion, truth and laws,
Which our kind Father from above
Looks down upon with smiles of love.
And many warriors always join
Our holy cause, just and divine,
And let a treaty strong be made,
To always lend each other aid;
To make this treaty here I stand,
Such is my father's high command.
He ceased to speak, and turned to mark
The feelings of his audience dark;
Deep approbation met his view
From all that savage, warlike crew,
Excepting one that did not speak,
But watched the scene with burning cheek.
This chieftain stood from them apart,
For Milburn's gifts had won his heart.

CANTO IV.

Again the great Melhatchee rose,
His approbation to disclose,

While smiles and nods from each did pass,
Between the humbler, younger class;
For nearly all, from time to time,
Had roamed to Canada's fair clime,
And with French hunters roamed quite free,
Speaking the tongue of Canada.
'Now brothers, hear,' Melhatchee said,
'Let's give our mighty father aid,
And lose no time in striking blows
That will intimidate our foes.
What say you, chiefs? will each agree
To strike and scalp the false yankee?'
In turn they smoked, in turn they bowed,
Or willingness expressed aloud,
And all but Moxus seemed for war—
Peace seemed to be his choice by far.
Melhatchee spoke with lifted hand,
And to the chiefs thus gave command:
All heard with silence, dread and fear,
His mandate, (he was monarch here.)
'Yon mighty Squando warriors take,
Then move and sweep Orono lake;

Hide you the spoil, and warriors slay,
But scalps and captives bring away.

CANTO V.

Thus to each chief he gave a place,
To capture, burn and clear a space,
Determined in his mind to take
From Schoodic to the Great Salt Lake,
Then on the Union river side,
From that unto Penobscot's tide,
Each village neat and hamlet fair,
In fire and slaughter all to share.
When nearly through he turned around,
To one who sat upon the ground,
Tall, fierce and savage,—fire gleamed
From his dark eye when blood's the theme,
And for his deeds in former war
He bore the name of Cœur de fer.
Yon great Mohasset ne'er did yield
To foe on lake, in wood or field.
You mighty honors soon will buy,
And all your strength and courage try,
To to this village near at hand,

This night with knife and firebrand,
So listen now and mark me well,
None must survive the tale to tell.
The Open Hand and Water Snake,
Be sure those two do not escape.
If they escape, to-morrow's sun
The world will know the work's begun,
Then longknives will our braves waylay,
And in revenge our warriors slay.'

CANTO VI.

He then a post in earth did plant,
Mohasset first began the chant,
With his keen axe he struck a blow,
'It will be thus I'll strike the foe.
Now warriors brave that choose to fight,
And yangees kill this very night,
Come one, come all, and join the dance,
Our battle-cry is 'Blood and France!'
Then each arose, grim, fierce and stern,
Striking the post each in his turn,
Two hundred warriors, fierce and wild,
Engaged to slay man, wife and child.

Each fraught with death, by fury led,
The great Mohasset at their head.
And thus he spoke, 'Now warriors, join
Me on the hills, the night is fine,
Each be prepared them to surprise,
And end our work ere moon doth rise.'
He then arose and led the way,—
Twas nearing now the close of day.
Young Hartel had to war been bred,
And now by different feelings led,
He longed to join the warlike train,
And view the slaughter on the plain.
He went prepared for Indian fight,
With Mohasset that fatal night.
Thus all equipped, at close of day,
To the settlements they take their way,—
They all, save Moxus, left the spot,
It seemed deserted and forgot.
His friendly heart was sadly pained,
In grief poor Moxus still remained,
His head was resting on his breast,
His mind and body seemed depressed.
Must my dear friend, who oft has shared

His meals with me when famine stared?
 He saved my life once on the lake,
 And once from bears beside the brake,
 So good for good I will requite,
 And save his life this very night.

CANTO VII.

We'll now return, thro' gloom and shade,
 Till we reach George Milburn's humble glade,
 Whom last we left in fight for life,
 And just victorious from the strife.
 He bound the wounds of the vanquished chief,
 And used all means for his relief;
 Beside him stood his gentle wife,
 Thanking the Lord for husband's life.
 'Great Heaven's mercy shown this night,
 Has saved you in this horrid fight,
 Oh! George, my dear why live in strife,
 In danger always of your life!
 You see the tribes are hostile still,
 As beast that's prowling o'er the hill.
 With all your kindness to them shown
 These ten years, have they better grown?
 Those you've so often given food

Are first to strike to shed your blood ;
So pray return to Casco's town,
And leave these wilds and fortune's frown,
Nor brave such dreadful chances more,
Upon this dreary, hostile shore.
Oh, yes, Matilda, true I fear,
We'll soon have Indian inroads here ;
My babes and thee though much I love,
My well tried friends I cannot leave,
But early in the morn I'll meet
Burwell and Frost and Charley Street,
And council hold what route to bend,
Or still our homes and lives defend.
No time to lose; go, George, amain,
And rouse our friends upon the plain ;
By feelings in my breast, I fear
Some dire calamity is near.

CANTO VIII.

What ! leave you here in midst of blood ?
With dangers round you like a flood—
If Death's grim face before me shone,
I could not leave you here alone.
Then up bespoke his noble son,

Who had in truth the battle won;
 The hero spoke in every line
 Of that young face, so mild and fine.
 'What! does my father fear to go?
 Am I not here? Should any foe
 Like treach'rous Mathla, dare to steal
 Around our house, I'll make him feel
 The power of lead. Have you forgot
 When winter last the wolf I shot?
 You said I took unerring aim,
 As any hunter on the plain:
 And now my courage prove, I pray,
 Nor wait until the break of day;
 Leave me your rifle by my side,
 I'll guard the house 'gainst half a tribe.'
 George Milburn viewed the noble boy,
 And his stout heart did beat with joy,
 But nought like praise to him did say,
 Except, 'Dear boy, you have your way.'

CANTO IX.

With cords he bound fierce Mathla's hands,
 And this to him did say:
 'Await a council to be held

Here at the break of day,
He Logan's body next conveyed
To an outhouse then with speed;
Returned again, some arms to take,
In case he should them need.
A heavy sword of ancient make
He girded to his side,
Long since he did it exercise.
It was his easy pride.
May Heaven guard you, babes and wife,
Till I return again.
I'll hie me now to Burwell's house,
The first upon the plain,
Like a stag-hound o'er the space he flew,
Until he reached the spot
Where hunter Burwell and his sons
Dwelt in their humble cot.
Not only had he hunted beasts—
For actions on the lake,
And taking many Indians' lives,
He was called the Water Snake.
The dogs did scarcely bark or growl,
As Milburn reached the door;

For even dogs did Milburn love,
That e'er saw him before.
So true it is that kindly hearts
Love each and every thing,
That dogs, more grateful than mankind,
His love returned again,
His hasty knock was answered by
Some gentle voice within,
'Who's there?' 'Tis I,' George Milburn said,
'Be quick and let me in.'

CANTO X.

Then bolt and bar were quickly drawn,
The door ope'd speedily,
And by it stood a stalwart youth,
Well knit, and six feet high.
Young David, Burwell's oldest son—
The tallest in the glade,
More active than the bounding roe,
He many feats had made,
And to the Indians was well known,
In chase devoid of fear,
And called by them for miles around,
The yangee Nimble Deer.

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The moon shone on his raven locks,

He with surprise surveyed

The bloody form of Milburn stout,

And thus to him he said:

What! Captain Milburn? have the wolves,

Or other beasts of prey,

Been prowling to your quiet home,

Or met you on the way?

Milburn said,

But no, that sword that's by your side,

Another tale doth tell;

Speak! Captain, speak! why out so late,

And what to you befall?

'It is you father I desire—

With me I wish to speak;

With that, old Burwell at the door

Did Captain Milburn greet.

'Well, George, are foes around our vale,

And have they come so soon?

I did not think they'd longer wait,

Than to-morrow night at noon.'

CANTO XL

George Milburn quickly did explain

His hasty errand; then

Old Burwell said, and fiercely smiled,
 'This makes me young again.
 Hail, David, run to Lamley's home,
 And bid him not delay,
 For soon we'll need his sage advice,
 This morn at break of day.
 My other sons here, John and James,
 And Joseph, good at need,
 Fly each, and warn our neighbors up,
 And tell them where we meet.
 Each took his route, and flew with speed,
 And many each did call—
 'Run, neighbors, to the Captain's house;
 Until they roused them all;
 And long before the sun did rise,
 Full many a hunter bold,
 Assembled at their leader's house,
 Like sheep within the fold.
 No, never was a finer scene
 For painter to disclose,
 Than was that morn at Milburn's house
 Long ere the sun arose,
 There Milburn sat, and mildly viewed

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The scene with placid eye,—
Though bound his arm, and on his clothes
Remained the purple die,
And by his side old Barwell sat,
Determined, fierce and bold—
Projects of blood now filled his mind,
He thought on scenes of old.
The elders of that lovely vale
All sat in council free,
With thoughtful looks and anxious thought,
To prevent calamity.
There hunters with their heavy locks,
Grown gray in scenes of strife,
Who oft in battle bravely stood,
Or singly fought for life,
Who knew each way, in war or peace,
And all of savage kind,
And could distinguish every noise,
When borne upon the wind,
The Indian's war whoop could not fright
These stern and gallant men;
And now when danger was so nigh,
Each thought him young again.

Close by them stood the younger race,
 Like elms swart and tall,
 The thoughts of battle warmed the breast
 Of each, of one, of all.
 And in their midst stern Mathla sat,
 So sullen, fierce and wild,
 He seemed quite careless of his fate,
 A true born forest child.
 'Curs'd redskin dog,' old Burwell said,
 'Most treach'rous of thy tribe,
 The truth now speak, or with this axe
 Your head I will divide
 From off your shoulders, and your trunk,
 To feed the dogs that serve;
 If we should burn you at the stake,
 'Twould be what you deserve.
 But if the truth you will but speak,
 Our vengeance do not fear,
 You'll roam again the forest wild,
 To shoot the mountain deer.
 By what chief's order did you come,
 Our Captain's life to take?
 Was it Melhatchee sent you here,

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Or the cowardly dog, Blacksnake?
Strike, yangee, strike! your worst perform—
A warrior fears not death—
You'll know me as your direst foe,
Until my latest breath,
I wish to die, for ne'er can I
To lift my head presume;
Or woo the daughters of my tribe,
Or wear the eagle's plume.
My warlike spirit's broken now—
I am no more a man,—
The mightiest warrior fell before
The child of the Open Hand.
He closed his eyes, nor deigned to speak,
Stern threats to him were vain,
And all the means the whites did use,
No answer could obtain.
'Unloose the bands,' George Milburn said;
'Unbind the warrior's hands.
Go! Mathla, to your forest home,
And think of my commands,
He slowly rose, and turned about,
And viewed with changing eye,

'Now know, for Mathla loves the truth,
 All soon are doomed to die.
 Then rigidly as some machine,
 He slowly stalked away.
 Old Burwell stamped, and ground his teeth,
 And this in rage did say:
 'That redskin devil now is free,
 Though thirsting for our blood;
 Were I but Captain in your room,
 Not long alive he'd stood;
 Think you that he will grateful be,
 Because his life you spared?
 No! had you raised his villain scalp,
 Much better we had fared.'

CANTO XII.

Then Lumley spoke in earnest tone,
 'Much better far, if we
 Devise some means to leave the place,
 Or fight the enemy.
 I think some scouts we'd better send
 To all the chiefs around,
 To learn if war is their intent,
 Nay, Milburn, do not frown,

For plain we see by this attack,
Which Mathla on you made,
Good will is surely felt for none
That dwell within our glade.
Attack we surely may expect,
On this our dear retreat,
And why not arm us, every man,
And them in battle meet?

CANTO XIII.

Then some did say, 'Let's quickly move
To meet the redskinned clan;'
And others said, 'Let's quickly fly—
Reach Casco if we can.'
When Milburn spoke, a silence reigned—
All owned his power here,
His noble look, and manly smile,
And heart devoid of fear.
Now, brethren, should the Indians come,
As we expect they will,
And should we meet and drive them back,
Would we be better still?
You know the Indian nature well—
The tribe around are strong—

To the Abenakis race alone;
 Nine hundred men belong,
 The Quoddy tribes, with Taratines,
 Do count two thousand more,
 All own Melhatchee for their chief,
 To the Wallowstock shore.
 And if Melhatchee was our friend,
 Mathla would ne'er have dared,
 Without his leave, to seek my life,
 For any large reward.
 Melhatchee's favor has been gained
 By flattery, praise and gold,
 And the French interest is as strong
 As e'er it was of old.
 And now, my friends, I know it's hard,
 To leave our pleasant home,
 But to the south with all that's dear,
 We'd best prepare to roam.
 And when this war and strife are o'er,
 We will return again,
 Renew our lives upon these banks,
 On this once pleasant plain,
 Should all agree, to-morrow's sun

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Will see us on our way,
And thus we may preserve our lives—

'Tis madness here to stay!
Each hung his head, those hoary men—

Each wore a sorrowing heart,
Twas death to stay, like death to go,

Thus from their homes to part
At length the Chaplain Hanson* spoke,

A reverend man, and gray,
Full often had he preached to them,

Upon God's holy day.
My sons, the Captain speaks the truth,

We have no time to spare,
Let each return unto his home,

For the journey to prepare.
Each took his way, their foot once gained,

Their little store they pile
Within a sack his humble meat,

To last him many a mile.
That tongue can tell, what pen describe,

Feelings of wife and child,
Us, then, to leave their happy homes,

Each settlement of Puritan England had its minister or parson.

And march through dreary wild.
 'Tis not my lot, my reader dear,
 Those scenes I cannot tell,
 But to describe the actions drear
 That shortly them befel.
 Each had agreed to march at morn,
 Fathers and babes and all,
 But few the beasts of burden then,
 And many children small.
 But fate ordained that many a one
 Should never see another, and

CANTO XIV.

It was dark night, each stood prepared
 To move at break of day;
 But on the hills, some miles from thence,
 One quickly bent his way;
 It was an Indian painted red,
 Who flew with rapid pace,
 And oft he paused and listening stood,
 With keen and anxious gaze.
 Was it for war he bent his course, to gain
 For glory, or for fame?
 Or was he out upon the hills,

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Pursuing some wild game?
Dear readers, wait and you shall see,
We soon shall solve the mystery:

George Milburn's arms were by his side,

His good sword and his gun,
With two sweet cherubs on his knee,

Near stood his gallant son,
The house dog barks, say, father, may

I answer the alarm?
He open'd the door, and face to face

He met the Indian's form.

Now, Open Hand, I thus swift flew,
To bring bad tidings unto you;

The mad wolves and the savage bears
Have camped upon your path,

And e'er the moon doth rise there will
Be blood upon your hearth.

We heard the council on the hills,
And seen the warrior band,

At the Good Spirit whispers thus,
Go! warn the Open Hand.

Now brother, you are wise and strong,
Before you lies your path,

And may the God you worship, save

You from Mohammet's wrath;

Now, reader, did George Milburn's blood

Grow cold within his veins?

No! this he said—'Come loved ones all,

Let's fly across the plains;

Matilda, fly and reach the church,

Keep God before your sight,

And quickly I will rouse our friends,

The savages to fight.'

Old Burwell's hut was quickly gained;

'My friends, prepare to fight,

For all the wrath of savage foes

Will burst on us to-night.

The church will be our fortress strong,

We'll all seek shelter there—

Beneath the cover of its walls

We can the Indians dare.'

Across the plains swift Milburn flew,

And roused all on his way;

'Fly to the church and take your arms,'

Was all he stopped to say.

And others on the anxious race

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To warn their neighbors flew,
goodly throng of every age,
That gathered as they drew
gh to the church with troubled heart,
While many an anxious face
urned to the west with furtive glance
Their savage foe to trace.
It could their eyes the darkness pierce,
A sight their gaze would meet.
That would have cooled the hottest blood,
And blanched the boldest cheek.
wn o'er the hills, with rapid pace
Advanced the savage horde,
cited to the wildest pitch,
Like wolves thirsting for blood.
w for George Milburn's house they ran,
Like floods they sweep the plain;
like some thundering avalanche
From off the Alps amain.
The chief who viewed the open door,
aid in the fiercest tone,
mercy know, no captives take!
The Open Hand is gone.

Right soon they overtook the crowd
That strove the church to gain;
Oh! fearful was the work of death
That raged upon the plain.
No time had men to form in bands,
But singly fighting fell,
While shout and shriek and dying groans,
Mingled with savage yell,
Such were the sounds that rent the air;
Death raged on every hand;
Mohassett, like a hungry wolf,
Was fiercest of the band;
And loud above the horrid din
His voice like thunder fell: .
'Slay on! slay on! my warriors brave,
Be strong! be strong! and kill.'
For Burwell's house they fiercely rush,
And flame their progress marks—
Soon fire raged on every hand,
And upward flew the sparks.
'Let's gain the church! once there we're safe
It was the common cry,
And headlong in the dreadful race,

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Like wolves and sheep they fly.
Non some hardy hunters would
Turn full upon the foe,
Discharge his gun, and with the stock,
Return them blow for blow.
At numbers soon would end the strife,
The wretched man would fall,
Whilst round him lay his dearest friend,
His little ones and all.
Their little bodies mangled sore,
In pieces strewed the ground,
While by them lay their fathers brave,
Blood flowing from each wound,
And soon unto some warrior's belt,
The bloody scalps conveyed,
An infant dear, of gallant men,
Of sweet and lovely maid.

CANTO XVI.

Young Mary Wilson—scarce a year
Had rolled since in her pride,
Lod on the floor in wedlock joined,
A fair and blushing bride.
And in that space so happy, they

No pains nor crosses knew,
For she was gentle, fond and fair,
And Charles was kind and true;
One pledge of love, a charming boy,
Did crown their happy lot,
And peace and joy and love did reign
Within their humble cot.
But now that cot is wrapped in flames—
Her Charles lies at the door—
And down from many a fatal wound
Does run the purple gore;
His bleeding head so dearly loved,
Where waving locks did grow,
Shows nothing but the ghastly skull
From which the blood does flow.
And on his breast his Mary lies,
Tight pressed against his heart,
And all the strength of savage hands
Their bodies could not part.
Her long and lovely auburn hair
The knife had shorn away;
That form so fair, that heart so true,
Is now a lump of clay.

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That infant dear, where is it now!

Alas! 'tis in the flames—

The door post wet with its warm blood,

And spotted with its brains.

CANTO XVII.

See! yonder stands John Morrisen,

Firm battling for his life,

And in a pile close by his side,

His slaughtered babe and wife,

The warrior fell beneath his shot,

One other quick did feel

The pond'rous rifle's heavy stroke,

When moved by arms of steel.

Like bees upon a summer day,

They round the paleface cling—

Numbers soon will end the strife,

His spirit takes the wing.

George Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,

Pierced deep with many a wound,

Try to save his mother dear,

By filial love was bound;

He could not leave her only son,

When to these wilds they came,

Their cot was warm, in cold or heat,
Warmed by affection's flame.
And when the cry of Indians rose,
Borne high upon the air,
'My darling son,' his mother cried,
'For me no dangers share;
Fly! fly! my son, the foe is near!
I'll not impede your flight;
But few my days upon the earth,
Should I escape this night.'
'I cannot, cannot leave you here,
The thought my heart does rend;
I'd sooner far yield up my life
Than leave my earliest friend.
No time was left, the sava foe
Had gained the cottage door,
Which quickly broke, and quicker still
Their victims drenched in gore.
The moon rose on this hapless spot
Where death and terror reigned
How many beating hearts that morn
Now cold upon the plain!

CANTO XVIII.

But hark! a voice so clear and full,
 That voice they all did know,
 Courage, my friends! cheer up, droop not!
 Turn full, and face the foe!
 That voice, full of courage high,
 Caused many hearts to cheer.
 The Indian paused in their horrid work,
 The Open Hand was near.
 Toward the foe with mighty force,
 The tide of battle rolled,
 George Milburn came, and at his back
 A score of hunters bold;
 The moon shone full on this brave man;
 He to the foe drew near,
 Pale was his cheek as death itself,
 But was not pale from fear.
 He reddened as he viewed—his cheeks
 Soon found the purple tinge,
 Forgive him, Christian reader dear,
 For once he cried, 'Revenge!'
 When first he heard the horrid yells
 Of Indians on the plain,

Full well he knew that some must fall,
Ere they the church could gain;
And like a skillful general, he
Turned full the foe to meet—
And thus give time for all to rouse,
And cover their retreat.
'Return, return!' to every man
Thus checked their headlong flight,
'Return, and meet our direst foes,
Our safety now is fight.'
When close unto the savage horde,
A shower of bullets sped
From twenty rifles, with good aim,
Laid many with the dead.
A manly cheer those heroes gave,
Then closed them with the foe,
And rifles clubbed, with tomahawk
Exchanged blow for blow.
George Milburn's sword now flashed in air,
The moonbeams on its blade
Shone brightly as it rose and fell—
The safety of the glade.
That good old sword saw service then,—

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It had been used before—
Fought against dark Cromwell's men,
Upon bleak Marston Moor.
Or George's grandsire, loyal man,
Devoted to his king,
Had used this sword till hope was lost,
And then he took the wing
Into America's fertile shore;
His voyage there did end,
And left his hostile native land,
But kept this trusty friend;
And now his grandson in his might,
This heavy sword did wield;
He clove the Indians, right and left,
That night upon the field.
The first three strokes three bit the ground,
Beneath his heavy steel;
The blows did guard, and blows did give,
Those blows the foe did feel.
His comrades, like true heroes brave,
Their part so well did play,
That soon the cheering sound was heard,
The savages give way!

Yet not till blood from gushing wounds,
 From these stern hunters brave;
 Did dye the ground and some did fall—
 Those never found a grave.

The Indians, terrified to see
 The blows that clove in twain,
 Their skill was useless in the fight,
 And all their strength was vain.

CANTO XIX.

Some fifty had in vain essayed
 To check the Open Hand,
 As he threw himself upon their file,
 With his small but hardy band.

But others scattered o'er the plain,
 The work of death pursued;
 All fired alike, the cottage neat,
 And camp and cottage rude.

Mohasset saw his men give way,
 And knew 'twas Open Hand
 Who led his foes with such success
 Against his warrior band.

Then like a tiger from afar
 That scents his careless prey,

ght soon he was amongst his men,
Who had before given way.
George Milburn, when the foe had fled,
Returned the church to gain;
For well he knew that to pursue
Was useless on the plain.
Phasset, with uplifted axe,
Sparks flashing from his eyes,
His tawny features wild with rage,
"Stay! warriors, stay!" he cries.
Where, where is he at council fire
As warrior brave would stand?
The squaws will point to him and say:
You fled from the Open Hand.
Turn! turn! with blood wash out the stain,
Or sullied is your fame;
Much better die upon the field
Than live to lasting shame.
O Wanban, fly! nor stop to take
One scalp upon your way,
Go to the church and soon we hope
To see its burning ray.
A fearful yell of rage and shame

Did loudly echo round,
 With knives and axes flashing high
 Soon they retraced the ground.

CANTO XX.

Some trembling mothers near the church
 Urged on their hapless young;
 Among the crowd was Milburn's wife,
 His babes and gallant son.
 The savages on plunder bent,
 For blood their thirst was stayed,
 For very few alive were left
 Within that pleasant glade.
 For all the men had Milburn joined
 Who yet remained alive,
 Except old Burwell and his son,
 Brave, gallant hunters five;
 And where were they this dreadful night,
 When dearest friends were slain?
 These hunters, cautious, wise and brave,
 Had skirted round the plain,
 And many shots from unseen hands
 Had lain fierce warriors low—
 Right well they knew how vain it was

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To battle blow for blow,
And crafty Burwell knew too well
No courage could prevail
Against the numerous Indian foes
Now warring in the dale.
For Wauban flew towards the church,
And soon his warriors gained
The remnant of the fugitives
Fast flying o'er the plain.
Some furious warriors dyed their hands
In hapless children's gore,
In spite of orders from their chief
To gain the church before.
He gained the church with his rude band,
And soon the flames arose,
And not one building in the glen,
Escaped the savage foes.

CANTO X.

Now Milburn with his gallant band,
Strove dear their lives to sell,
And one by one these heroes bold,
Combating fiercely fell;
Or back to back they fought in squads,

Each cheered his brother's heart,
 Right well they knew that death had come,
 And they all soon must part.
 For William knew his darling wife
 Would never more him view,
 Likewise he knew escape was o'er,
 But kept his courage true;
 Mohasset viewed him in the strife,
 'We must him captive take,
 'Twill gratify our warriors' pride
 To see him at the stake.
 For Milburn, and two comrades bold,
 Hemmed in by savage foes,
 Had placed their backs against an elm,
 And still exchanged blows.
 These three were all remained alive
 Of the twenty hunters brave,
 Who did return to give their lives,
 That others might be saved;
 And these exhausted by the strife,
 Life's fountain nearly drained,
 Were seized and bound by savage hands,
 A victory was gained.

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CANTO XXII.

Now round the church the slaughter raged,

Of such as gained that place;

There hapless women breathed their last,

No mercy shown, nor grace.

And poor Matilda! where was she?

She was among the crowd,

With her dear babes and gallant son,

Amid the tumult loud.

Young Mary Hanson knew her form,

And to her fast did cling,

We will not part, our spirits will

Together take the wing.

Then up bespoke the noble boy,

Hope beaming from his eye,

No mark of fear was on his face

To give his words the lie:

My dearest mother, don't despair,

Although the church flames high,

My father will relieve us yet,

And make these Indians fly.

Poor, gallant boy! he did not know

His father's life lay with the foe.

Young Louis Hartel viewed the strife,
And cheered the Indians on
Until but few remained alive—
The work was nearly done.
At length a thought apart from blood
Did move his selfish breast,
'Some women we must captives take
To cheer our journey west.'
Then straightway sped he him to the church,
'Stay, gallant warriors brave!
One hundred crowns I'll surely give
For every woman saved.'
Kind Providence appeared through him,
Matilda's life to guard,
And stayed their red, uplifted hands,
By thoughts of this reward.
But oh, the pangs, the pangs of woe,
That racked her gentle breast—
One tender babe had felt the axe,
And sunk to endless rest;
'Oh, spare my boy, your skin is white,'
(To Hartel this did say,)
'Have pity on his tender years,

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And God will you repay.'
'Take now those four,' then Hartel said,
'And to the northward steer,
Where Robert keeps Maductic fort,
Let's quickly move from here.'
With withes they bound their tender limbs,
No room for pity there,
George Milburn's son, and daughter young,
And Mary Hanson fair.
On, on, they hurried thro' the wilds,
Till day at length did break.
A stalwart savage seemed the chief,
The far famed, dread Blacksnake.

PART III.

CANTO I.

It was nigh noon, the king of day
Spread bright around, his piercing ray;
Kind nature ever smiles the same
On deeds of rapine or of fame.
A gentle brook, whose purling sound
Did ever cheer all things around,
On its green banks, which seemed so blest,
A group of warriors took their rest.
The fragments of a hasty meal,
With no pains taken to conceal,
Showed vain pursuit they did not fear,
Nor dreamed of foe or danger near;
Some twenty warriors wrapped in sleep,
One stalwart chief did sentry keep;
Whilst in their midst, and firmly bound
Unto a stake fast in the ground,
Was one whose face, could you but see,
Would tell a tale of misery;
His face appeared as ashes white—

His eyes had lost their lustre bright—
His garments torn in many a shred,
With clots of blood all covered red;
His body hacked by many a wound,
Which by rough hands was rudely bound,
His wife and babes among the slain,
And he alive! was not this pain?
While thus he mused in deep despair,
No earthly hope did linger there;
Nor did he see a chief that stood
Close by the margin of the wood,
Who viewed the scene with sorrowing heart
So touched by Milburn's cruel part.
He nigher came with noiseless tread,
And to the captive this he said:
Why does the Open Hand despair?
His fate, his sorrows, I would share.
Enough, my brother! the same fate
That binds you, binds me to the stake.
The unbidden tear from Milburn's eye
Washed forth, and thus he made reply:
His death I wish! if such the will
God that Indians should me kill;

For all that's dear is gone before,
 And I have nought to look for more.
 'No! Open Hand, the birds that sung
 Those idle words were surely wrong;
 Your heart still lives; the Frenchman bore
 Your heart and blood to the 'Loostock shore,
 At the Walloostock waters fair,
 Yes, Open Hand! you'll find them there.
 'Oh, God! I thank thee,' Milburn said,
 Sweet hope returning to his aid,
 'Ye must be strong, ye withen and hands!
 If ye much longer keep my hands.'

CANTO II.

The warriors rose, each to his feet,
 With ughs, and nods did Moxus greet.
 'Now move we on, the sun is high,
 And Moxus kept the captive, by.
 Oh! how cheering 'tis to find,
 In deep distress, a friend that's kind.
 The Indians marked his changed mien,
 For hope's bright rays are plainly seen;
 It seemed as though his limbs had gained
 Their wonted strength, and dead all pain.

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The hot blood through his veins coursed free,
His heart beat high for liberty.
This Moxus to the chief did say :
'Where with the paleface take our way ?'
'To where Melhatchee sits in state—
'Tis then we'll learn the captive's fate.
But he is weak; when night is near,
We'll reach some streamlet flowing clear,
And by its waters dancing bright,
In happy dreams we'll pass the night.'
But chieftain brave, you did not know
That watched you were by stealthy foe.

CANTO III.

We'll now return to scenes of blood,
Where all around was still.
No sound of life or human voice
Was heard in vale or hill—
And yet a group of stalwart men
In eager converse deep,
Stood by the embers of the church,
Where many slept death's sleep.
Here fierce old Burwell viewed the scene,
His eyes like orbs of flame;

And his brave sons with sorrowing looks,
Were speaking of the slain.
Oh, love! that dwells in human hearts,
For friends who're true and kind,
In city or in forest glade,
Affection's voice you'll find.
And those four brothers seemed as one,
So kind, so brave and true;
A thought that pained the breast of one
Would pain the others too.
And brave old Burwell, justly proud,
Appeared in twofold view—
A kind and loyng father dear,
And gentle brother too;
And now he spoke, his lips compressed:
'I saw them as they passed;
They bore two females swift along,
The Captain's wife, alas!
And Oh! my David, droop thee not,
Thy loved one, too, is saved,
But hurried to Maductic fort,
Hartel the orders gave.
My rifle at the Frenchman's heart

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I aimed to take his life;
Again I thought he would protect
Your love, and Milburn's wife.
Nay, droop not, David, be a man—
'Tis five and twenty years
Since first I kissed your infant cheek,
And stilled your infant fears,
And by the love we all do feel,
And truth we all do share,
Sweet Mary still shall be your bride,
If God our lives doth spare.
But e'er our steps we bend that way,
Our Captain we must find;
So let's be moving to the west,
And leave this scene behind.
I saw him carried to the west,
His limbs were roughly tied;
And I but twenty at my back,
Their strength I had defied.
But let's push on as best we may,
I promise you this night
That most your father longs to see—
A first rate Indian fight.

The prospect filled each heart with joy,
 Intent their blood to shed;
 But David's heart was on the trail
 That to Maduotic led,
 But death's stern terrors could not make
 Those boys their father's orders break.

CANTO V.

The trail soon gained, right swift they sped,
 In rapid Indian file—
 Old Burwell's tall and sinewy form
 Fast leading through the wild,
 Until a gentle streamlet gained,
 When Burwell gazed around.
 'Yes! here they took their noontide meal—
 Here was the prisoner bound;
 But we don't break our fast, my sons,
 Until the Captain's free,
 So rest; for now I must make sure
 How many imps there be.
 His stalwart sons, each sat him down,
 His rifle by his side,
 With long knife fast within his belt,
 Each looked a warrior tried.

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Old Burwell quickly re-appeared,*
‘But sixteen imps in all,
And one it seems has joined them here,
All seventeen must fall.

We’ll find them ere the close of day,
And when the fight’s begun,
The one that spares an Indian’s life,
I’ll disown him for a son.’

On, on they sped with hastened pace,
Nor yet fatigue they knew,
And ere the setting of the sun
Close on the chase they drew.

George Milburn’s lower limbs were bound,
His arms and body free,
For Moxus’ inmost wishes were
To give him liberty.

The savage warriors seated round,
Partook their evening meal,
Their guns were placed beside an oak—
They quite secure did feel.

* So experienced had the backwoodsmen of that day become that was no difficult thing for them to discover the number of a party by their trail, and even to distinguish warriors of different tribes by the impressions of their moccasins.



And there remained till time arrived
To send them to Quebec.

CANTO VIII.

One morn, as daylight crowned the hills,
Soxlixus did repair
Unto the lodge whose owner was
The mighty Peter Bear.
With greetings short the chieftain spake:
'Soxlixus, tried in war,

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Known as the Panther strong;
Most skillful did he ward the blows
Which Burwell showered on.

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Bring to the warrior's cheek,

A stimulus for his stout heart
Young Edwin did provide ;
He longed to meet a gallant foe,
With Edwin by his side.
He bowed to Peter Bear, and said:
'Before the sun rides high,
Soxlixus will be on the path,
His strength again to try.'
Then like an arrow from the bow,

Then like tigress turned at bay,
And quick as lightning's flash,
With nervous arm and dauntless heart

~~For sweet and kind comfort~~
Induced him to remain.
A mother's love ! at evening hours,
That solace sweet and clear
Can force a broken heart to sing,
And make a prison dear.
Her love was centered in the boy,
For ne'er again did she
Expect to see her husband dear,

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To meet your father in that world
Where heavenly joys are shared.
Each Indian hunter loved the lad;
His daring look and eye,
And generous mien, did much them please;
Such traits they pass not by.
His was the heart to win brave hearts,
And many friends to make,

Ambitious projects filled his mind,
And all for Eagle Eye;
He inward vowed the boy should rule
As chief o'er all the tribe.
But, noble warrior, time's at hand,
Another race shall rule thy land.

CANTO XI.

Two days they marched without fatigue

Soxlux
Foun
Twelve
Would
Each loo
As on
And ere
Close

steps are long and fast.
Soxlixus' wish, when thus expressed,
Found ready response there;
Twelve stalwart braves, with such a chief,
Would any dangers share.
Each loosed his knife, each primed his gun,
As on the trail they flew,
And ere high noon, so swift their pace,
Close on the chase they drew.

Each heart beat high with anxious hope,
They strangers were to fear.
And now, when Sol had reached the south,
And gained the zenith clear,
The party paused to take their meal,
The flesh of mountain deer.
This flesh well dried beside the fire,
Was all each hunter chose

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l,

close to where you stand,
Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,
They scent the food we eat;

No! by my murdered father's soul,
'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.

Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!
And quicker than the word

close to where you stand,
Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,
They scent the food we eat;

No! by my murdered father's soul,
'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.

Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!
And quicker than the word

Did glow with fever ray,
He did admire the quick dispatch
That Burwell did display.
He dared not call his braves around;
He knew the yangees' eye
Was quick to view and straight to aim;
This did his patience try.
For two long hours each did wait,

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David's aim so true.
Old David's aim was quick as thought;
One moment did not pass
Ere the rifles held by those foemen stern,
Did simultaneous flash.
A low death wail escaped the lips
Of this stout Indian brave;
His soul went to the spirit land,
The wilds became his grave.

Each knew the part exposed to blow

Would feel a bullet in.

CANTO XIV.

And thus two hours more did pass,

In silence where they stood;

No sound was heard but the summer breeze

That rustled through the wood.

Then called Soxlixus: 'Come ye squaws,

For once fair battle wage;

Each knew

Soxli

His axe

Was

'Well!

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You're

Dare

Then take an arrow from the bow,
Soxlixus forward sprung;
His axe he shook, his knife he drew,
Was soon his foes among.

CANTO XV.

'Well! well!' and Burwell loudly spake,
'No bullet you shall feel;
You're the first redskin I ever saw,
Dared meet the yangee steel.

It was the last he gave.
But ah ! poor Jemmy, 'tis the last,
The last day of your life;
Soxlirus fiercely on him sprang,
With hatchet and with knife.
Now all engaged by times in squads,
By times in single pairs,
But few the words, but few the shouts,

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Then seized the other by the hand
That held the dangerous knife,
But the mighty strength of the Indian chief
Did soon decide the strife.
He forced James Burwell to his knees,
Then springing back again,
Like lightning whirled his axe in air
And clove his head in twain.
A stalwart warrior Burwell chose,

Of Robert's fort so strong;
 Three hundred crowns of silver bright
 Will then to us belong.
 But still my heart is festering sore,
 Each moment gives me pain;
 My only brother, loved so well,
 By Open Hand was slain.
 Oh ! had mine only been the lot
 That to Mohasset fell,
 I'd make him drink before his time
 Deep of the white man's hell.
 But long ere this he lives no more,
 Methinks I hear his groans;
 His scalp is on some warrior's belt,
 While wolves have shared his bones.
 His second heart is on our hands,
 They were to him as all,
 That haughty squaw you last did leave,
 With son and pappoose small.'

CANTO XIV.

'Ah ! then,' thought Hartel, 'fool I am
 To let this chance pass by;
 This man shall surely vent his hate--

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Mine they must be or die.

I thought they would most gladly yield,

To win a friend secure;

But thus to be repulsed with scorn

No Frenchman should endure.

Yes, she shall bow her haughty head,

And bend that will so strong,

Or by St. Louis, my patron saint,

Her life will not be long.

Then thus to Blacksnake, 'valiant chief,

The Open Hand must know

That a brother's death must be avenged

By tortures sure and slow.

His spirit hovers near this spot,

And knows your arm is strong;

Then show that wisdom by revenge

Does to your race belong.

But still, I pray, touch not her life,

Yet make her keenly feel

The full effects of all your wrath—

Make her proud spirit kneel.'

The Indian's swarthy cheek did glow,

His eyes with pleasure beamed,

'Yes! Open Hand, you soon shall know,
 What once you little dreamed.'
 Then to the mossy knoll he strode
 Where stood the captives meek,
 The little girl he rudely seized
 And spat upon her cheek.
 'Yes! you must feed the flames this night,'
 Then rudely smote her face;
 'Oh! that I could so easily
 Exterminate your race.'

CANTO XV.

Now, gentle mothers, pause and think
 On poor Matilda's fate;
 Her little daughter thus abused,
 Ah, me! what was her state?
 'Slay not my child!' in frenzied tones,
 'My babe, my love, my life;
 Oh, George! my husband, where are you?'
 Exclaimed the suffering wife.
 The Indian raised the child in air,
 With shouts of fiendish joy:
 'Me touch your heart, now Open Hand,
 Me going to kill your boy.'

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Matilda frantically tried
To force it from his hand,
And soon unto the mossy knoll
Was gathered all the band.
They saw the chief was bent on blood,
And grimly smiled each face,
For torture is the chief delight
Of all the Indian race.
Again he raised the child in air
And rudely whirled it round;
Its mother caught it in her arms
Before it reached the ground.
He next picked up a hazel wand
With rage most fierce and wild,
And showered hard and cruel blows
On mother and on child.
Young Edwin could no longer hold,
To a warrior's belt he flew,
And ere the savage could prevent,
A hatchet from it drew,
And on Blacksnake, with all the force
Of his small but active hand,
Dealt gashes deep before he was

Prevented by the band.
 Blacksnake, whose strength was not impaired,
 Then dashed him to the ground;
 And seized he was, and with strong withes
 His hands were quickly bound.
 'Now, treach'rous whelp of a palefaced dog,
 Behold this glittering knife—
 It first shall raise your woman's scalp,
 Then drink your worthless life.'
 The lad did boldly meet his gaze,
 And thus to him began:
 'All threats and taunts to me are vain;
 I am my father's son.'
 Matilda, in that dreadful hour,
 Felt thankful, grateful joy,
 To think such strength in time of need,
 Was given to her boy.
 'Now for your scalp,' fierce Blacksnake cried,
 And raised his knife in air;
 But ere it touched those shining locks,
 His hands arrested were;
 A warrior from Walloostook's banks,
 Soxlixus was his name,

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One ever boldest in the fight,
A brave of mighty fame,
Stept forth and calmly laid his hand
On Blacksnake, and did say:
'Kill not to-night, but let your wrath
Behold another day.'
Not one in all that dusky throng
Raised a dissenting voice.
Soxlixus' wish (though not a chief)
Did govern every choice.

CANTO XVI.

Then stakes were cut with quick dispatch,
And planted in the ground,
To which the tender limbs of each,
Of one and all, were bound.
'Now contemplate the white man's hell,'
This Blacksnake then did say,
For in this world you never shall
Live out another day.'
Each savage then did move away
To seek his evening care,
And dream of pleasures which the morn
Would enable him to share.

Except Soxlixus ! other thoughts
 All night disturbed his brain;
 Oft would he rise, and gaze around,
 Then lay him down again.
 At length he roused a warrior bold,
 Long ere the break of day:
 'Wake up, son of my father's love,
 I much to you would say;
 Come, let's go where the orb of night
 Does on yon opening shine;
 I much do need your kind advice,
 Dear only brother mine.
 I was musing of our father dear,
 That happy, reverend sage.
 His sons were ever all his joy,
 The solace of his age.
 And Oh ! dear brother, oft I've grieved,
 This many a dreary year,
 But yet no man has heard me sigh,
 Or seen a single tear.
 Why did the mighty Spirit King
 Deny to me the joy
 That makes each father's heart thrill deep,

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* The Indian
 that of being

Each time he sees his boy?
The smiling face of a little one
Around my wigwam fire,
These many years has been my wish,
My ardent, chief desire.*
My lonely mate, so fond and true,
For sorrow deep does pine,
But all in vain; the Spirit Great
Denies this wish of mine.
And since the setting of the sun,
My feelings will not bend;
I long to save this gallant boy,
And call myself his friend.
I've fought the Micmacs of the north,
And bound them to the stake,
Yet never found among that tribe,
A heart one half so great.
I watched his eye, it did not quail,
Death has no terror there;
And as I hope to see the day,
Blacksnake his life shall spare.

* The Indians, like the Jews, considered no calamity greater than that of being childless, or leaving none to perpetuate their name.

Yes, I will take him to my home,
 To be my future joy;
 He shall become a mighty chief,
 This noble, palefaced boy.

CANTO XVII.

The day soon broke, and with the light,
 Each member of the band
 Did sit as judge to seal the doom
 Of the wife of Open Hand.
 And Hartel strolled toward the spot
 Where the helpless captives lay,
 And with much grace did them salute,
 And this to them did say:
 'How much it pains my heart to see
 Those Indians' wrath burn high,
 And ere the setting of the sun,
 Those handsome forms must die;
 But I have power with the tribe,
 Dear maid of the soft, dark eye,
 And even now, say you'll be mine,
 Not one of you shall die.
 Be mine, and at Maduotic fort
 We tarry but a space,

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Then onward push to fair Quebec,
That pleasant, happy place,
Where you shall reign, my favored one,
My heart's fond love to share,
In regal splendor be arrayed,
None shall with you compare.
Poor Mary, trembling like the fawn
That's startled on the plain,
On Matilda's breast did hide her face,
While tears did flow like rain.
'What shall I do, my dearest friend?
Right cheerful would I die,
To save you from this awful fate,
Oh, say, shall I comply?'
Matilda slowly raised her face,
No sign of tears was there:
'Our God reigns in the forest wild,
Then why should we despair?
We'll but exchange a life of woe,
For one of joy above;
Then list not to the tempter's tongue,
But turn to your first love.
Remember him who died for you,

He greater trials bore;
 Death's nothing but a passing pang,
 And then our pains are o'er.
 Young Mary raised her gaze on high,
 'Farewell, to sky and plain,
 And farewell you, my David dear,
 We ne'er shall meet again.'
 Then turned her glance where Hartel stood,
 And spake in accents slow:
 'Go! bid your tormentors begin;
 You have my answer, go.'
 But Hartel thought none could be found
 To take death as a choice,
 And though with rage shook every limb,
 He said with pleasant voice:
 'Why will you die, while still so young,
 By such a dreadful death?
 Midst horrid flames and savage taunts
 You must resign your breath.
 And your fair friend now by your side,
 Watch how the tears do fall:
 One word from you would save her life,
 One word would save you all.'

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Again Matilda spake, and said,

‘Go, base and selfish man;

You only interrupt our prayers—

Succeed you never can.

‘You stubborn ones! then take your fate—

Ho, warriors, form the ring;

We first will make the yangee cub

His final death song sing.

CANTO XVIII.

The ring was formed, the stake drove down.

The faggots quickly piled;

Matilda saw, and knew it was

To sacrifice her child:

‘Farewell! my Edwin. God most high,

Grant us the strength we need.

Oh! there they come to lead you forth,

My darling son, God speed.

An Indian brave then cut his bonds,

And led him to the stake;

Young Edwin’s heart was firmly braced,

Bravely to meet his fate.

He sent a bold, defiant glance

O’er all the dusky crowd,

On Hartel fixed a withering look,
 Then spoke in accents loud:
 'Were my brave father here with me,
 Or if his strength were mine,
 Soon would I make some weapon reach
 That coward heart of thine.'
 Blacksnake then said, 'The paleface cur
 Is quite a puppy sharp;
 We soon shall see, when in the flames,
 How he will snap and bark.'
 And then to Edwin—'Reach that stake,
 Why do you barking stand?
 Walk quick,' and roughly pushed him on,
 'Brat of the Open Hand!'
 His hands were fastened to the stake,
 The fagots round him piled,
 But still no trace of fear was there,
 He proudly on them smiled.
 But when the blazing torch was brought,
 Soxlixus, where he stood,
 Cried, 'Stop your hands!' so loud and long,
 It echoed through the wood.
 Then walked to where fierce Blacksnake stood,

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'Now, brother, pause and hear,
But first, pray mark that yangee boy
No token shows of fear.
He'll not disgrace the Indian chief
That takes him to his home,
But soon he will forget his race,
An Indian to become.
Mark well those thin, determined lips;
And that keen flashing eye
Would well become a warrior brave,
That does not fear to die.
Whate'er his father did before,
His race at last is run;
'Twill never change that noble heart,
Will ne'er disgrace his son.
I ask that boy of all the band,
Say, which will me deny?
My heart is fixed, and I'm resolved,
Never to see him die.'

CANTO XIX.

Each Indian bowed his quick assent,
Except the chief, Blacksnake,
Who cast a glance where Hartel stood,

And thus he meekly spake:
 'The Open Hand has long been known
 A foe unto our race;
 His bullet true as a warrior's heart,
 And mighty in the chase.
 'Twas he who led the yangees on,
 That night, upon the plain.
 'Twas he who killed our bravest men,
 Dear friends by him were slain.
 But not one brave among us all
 Did feel so keen a blow
 As I; my only brother dear
 Was by his arm laid low.
 He turned his back, when all had fled,
 Alone he could not stand;
 His soul gushed from the mighty wound
 Dealt out by Open Hand.
 My father died by yangee's ball,
 Whilst fighting with a band;
 That band was led by mortal foe,
 That foe was Open Hand.
 And when the hungry earth received
 My only brother's blood,

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 Soxlixus

I was the last of all my race;
Alone, alone, I stood.

And Open Hand has been the cause
Of death to all my race,
And must I ever lose the chance
Of sweet revenge to taste?

No! hear me, brothers, this he said,
And spake in louder key:

'The death of this cursed yangee cub
Is surely due to me.

These ninety moons I've been your chief,
Not one of you can say

But that when danger did appear,
I ever led the way.

And ne'er before did delgn to ask
Favors of any man.

This is the first, likewise the last,
Refuse me if you can.

I'll give my share of all the spoil,
To see this yangee fry;

Be quick! apply the flaming torch!
Come, yangee! you must die.

Soxlilus fixed his gaze on him,

And sternly made reply:
 'If Blacksnake's wish must rule us all,
 Pray tell me, what am I?
 I was born and reared among this tribe,
 And count more years than you,
 And all that know me, justly call
 Me brave, and wise, and true.
 I speak the truth, and fear no ill
 Will follow in its path.
 Against this noble yankee lad
 You have no cause for wrath.
 Your brother truly met his fate;
 But each of us does know
 He met it as no warrior should,
 His back toward the foe.
 For when the tide of battle rolls
 Betwixt me and a foe,
 I always boldly meet the storm,
 My back I never show.
 And though he was a mighty foe,
 The greatest in the land,
 Full many a warrior's tongue doth glow
 In praise of Open Hand.

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Right brave in war, and kind in peace;
Such should a warrior be,
Just such the man I long to meet
As friend or enemy.

CANTO XX.

Blacksnake no longer could control,
But loudly then he spoke:

'Soxlixus, you're the yangees' friend,
With us your faith is broke;

And from this day you shall be known
As traitor to the tribe;

Go! show your squaw the presents got
From yangees as a bribe.

'What! this to me!' Soxlixus cried,
'And dare you thus reply?

Blacksnake, that taunt shall cost your life,
For you or I must die.

Be this boy's life the victor's meed
For which we fight shall wage,

Let no one seek to calm the strife,
There lies my battle gauge.

He threw his hatchet on the ground,
And drew his glittering knife.

Blacksnake observed his fiery glance;
And trembled for his life.
Then Hartel stepped between the foes
To stop the shedding blood;
Their looks and actions were a tongue
He plainly understood.
'For shame, brave chiefs,' he loudly cried,
Your anger pray forego;
Reserve your wrath for other heads,
And for our common foe.
Come clasp the hand in pledge of faith,
Let anger be forgot.
Why for this boy shed warrior's blood?
Dispose of him by lot.'
'Agreed, agreed,' then Blacksnake said,
'By lot we will abide.
Now if he lives or if he dies,
The lot will soon decide.
And now, Soxlixus, here's my hand,
Again let us be friends,
And never more speak of the past,
For here the matter ends.
Ho! quick, prepare to cast the lot!'

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Then Hartel brisk did say,
'Time flies, and we can ill afford
To lose another day.'

CANTO XXI.

'No, no,' Soxlixus made reply;

'That never shall be done.

What! I cast lots for that brave boy?

I love him as a son.

Each drop of blood my heart contains,

For him should freely flow;

I'll count each one that would him harm,

My darkest, direst foe.

And you, Blacksnake, I scorn your hand,

Yet for the Frenchman's sake

We'll walk in peace, but yet, beware!

You know me well, Blacksnake.

One hair of my brave yangee boy

Is worth a common life,

And he that injures but one hair

Will surely feel my knife.'

'Cut, cut his bands,' then Hartel said;

'Soxlixus has his will;

I would not for five thousand crowns

A warrior should be killed?
 Ah! crafty Hartel, well you know
 The way to win a friend or foe.

CANTO XXII.

Now reader pause; awhile reflect,
 And view them as they stood;
 The scene was on an eminence,
 In thin but shady wood.
 There to a stake, fast, firmly bound,
 Our Edwin brave did stand,
 While round him in a crescent form,
 Was gathered all the band.
 First, Blacksnake's towering form appeared,
 His eyes cast on the ground;
 But ever and anon, they flash
 An angry glance around.
 His vengeance baffled, he defied,
 His power set at naught—
 A whirlwind raged within his breast,
 That ne'er could be forgot.
 And just in front of Edwin, stood
 Soxlixus, stern and proud;
 His eye did like the eagle's flash,

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That pierces through the cloud.
His features underwent a change,
As he gazed on each face;
And love and scorn, hate and contempt
One easily could trace.
On Hartel first he turned; his glance
No servile fear does show;
His looks speak plain indifference
Were he a friend or foe.
And when upon his comrades fixed
His flashing, daring eye,
Fraternal love and fellowship
You plainly could descry.
But when the gaze his brother reached,
It grew more tender still;
Ah! who can say fraternal love
An Indian cannot feel?
The captives from the rest withdrew
Their tearful eyes and gaze;
Their hearts, their thoughts, in that dread hour,
To heaven were upraised.
Edwin felt certain that some friend
In his behalf had stood,

While grateful joy, in spite of pride,
Told plain a change of mood.

Soxlixus quickly cut the bands

Which bound him to the stake;

And these few words in English tongue,

To Edwin then he spake:

'You come with me, you be my son,

Me father to you prove,

And ever in my heart of hearts,

Me will my white boy love.'

'I thank you for my life this day,'

Young Edwin did reply;

'But if my mother suffer here,

Pray let me with her die.

No fire built by Indian hands

Has the consuming power

Possessed by grief, and if she dies,

I'll not survive the hour.'

CANTO XXIII.

Soxlixus' heart shone through his eyes;

Few were the words he spake:

'Your mother does not die,' he said,

Till Indian faith does break.

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Come now with me, my pride, my hope,

And gently took his hand;

Then led him where the captives stood,

And quickly cut each band:

'Arise! fear not! let hope soar high—

None dare you now offend.

Who injures you must dull my knife,

Soxlixus is your friend.'

Hartel well knew the human heart,

And saw how each did stand;

He knew that by the power of will

Soxlixus ruled the band.

'Passion be still!' he softly said,

'And vengeance hide thy head,

Until we reach Maductic fort—

Oh, then you're mine,' he said.

'Four more short days this Indian dog

Will keep you from my power;

But once within Maductic fort,

Be mine the happy hour.'

Each Indian then resumed his way,

The captives in the rear;

Soxlixus ever close at hand,

Which did their spirits cheer.
Captors and captives onward go
To where Walloostook's waters flow.

CANTO XXIV.

Once more, dear reader, change the scene
To where stout Milburn stood;
All are astir, some speaking of
The previous night of blood.
But Burwell seemed by doubt oppress'd,
A question on his mind
Remained unsolved; at length he spoke
In language not refined:
'Yes, George, I know they have the start
Of two long days ahead;
Full twenty braves compose the band
That by Blacksnake is led.
But should each wear a thousand hairs,
And every hair a life,
Right willing would I fight them all
To save your darling wife.
But still deep wounds all bear but me,
Which will impede our way;
And on this chase, the case is one

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That won't admit delay.'
George Milburn paused; at length he spoke:
 'I know pursuit is vain—
They'll surely reach Maductic fort
 If not already slain.
So take the rest you all do need,
 And heal each feverish wound;
God rules the fate of all mankind,
 View but the scenes around.'
Now truly none had greater need
 Of rest than those around;
For the Indian knife had left its trace
 In deep and dangerous wound.

PART IV.

CANTO I.

Now, reader, pause. Three months have passed
Since scenes we last described;
No more the spring doth glad the earth
With flowers far and wide.
Hot summer's sultry breezes spread
Their breath o'er hill and dale;
But man! thy acts oft mar the view
That Nature does unveil.
Three months of warfare's sternest tide
Had rolled in mighty power,
When man, like hungry, savage beasts
Each seeking to devour.
The legions of Montcalm are mixed*
With many a swarthy hand,
And torch, with axe and scalping knife,
Do desolate the land.
But, reader dear, turn history's page,

* The French and Indians formed numerous alliances, and in all of Montcalm's expeditions Indians formed a large part of his army.

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And that will plainly show
The trials which our ancient sires
Did have to undergo.
But Saxon blood ne'er faltered yet,
Or wavered in the right,
But like the Phoenix, ever rose
Victorious from each fight.
One day when August's hottest sun
Made dumb beasts seek the shade,
Six men, well armed, did wend their way
Fast through the forest glade.
Due north those men pursued their way,
With firm and hasty tread—
Who were the men? the reader asks,
'Twas Burwell at their head.
Yes, 'tis old Burwell's sinewy form
That swiftly leads the way;
And that is Milburn! can it be?
So changed, so old, so gray.
That face which three short months ago
Showed not the weight of years,
Now furrowed deep, and many a line
Successively appears.

passed

and in all
of his army.

That form is bent, as if the load
Of threescore years had passed
Over his head, and bowed him down;
For such is grief, alas!
And he is not the only one
The weight of grief doth feel;
Young David Burwell has a heart
That's truer than the steel.
He loved, as man can only love,
Who's passionate and true;
In such the fire intensely burns,
Each thought does love renew.
Such was the love of Nimble Deer,
That one long year of pain
Would glad exchange for one brief hour
With her he hoped to gain.
Each of his brothers knew his thoughts;
Death's terrors did not move,
Nor change their kind, fraternal hearts,
Nor rend them from their love;
While onward they pursued their way,
One object fixed in view,
To reach Maductic fort, in time

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The captives to rescue.
Such love's unalterable laws,
That bind the loved ones to our cause.

CANTO II.

'The sun has reached his noonday point,
Come, let us rest awhile
Beneath this shade, where we will dine,'
Said Burwell, with a smile.
'We've traveled four long, dreary days—
Four more we yet must spend,
Before we gain Walloostook's banks,
Or reach our journey's end.
Till then be still, my trusty knife,
Much time you need not waste—
I promise you ere many days,
Enough of blood to taste.'
And then to Milburn: 'why so down?
Your darling wife is there,
For Moxus told me that the chiefs
Agreed their lives to spare.
With Robert's wife she walks and rides,
Or guides the light canoe;
And on this news you may rely,

For Moxus' tongue is true.
 He likewise said a warrior chief
 Of the Walloostook tribe,
 Had taken Edwin to his home,
 To rear him by his side.
 Then why despond, my dearest friend?
 Suppose it be the case,
 That we this time do not succeed,
 We don't give up the chase.
 We'll hover round Maductic fort,
 Like panthers prowling lay,
 We must succeed, we will succeed,
 And bring them all away.
 The cursed, howling redskin race,
 I'll haunt them while I live,
 Talk not to me of peace or truce,
 I never can forgive.
 I ne'er can die an easy death,
 Till Maductic fort flames high,
 And Hartel's heart doth sheathe my knife,
 Ah! then, content I'll die.'

CANTO III.

Stout William knew that words were vain

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With Burwell in his mood;
He likewise knew a braver friend,
Or truer man ne'er stood.
And when his anger, which of late
Had often flamed so high,
Was stilled again, George Milburn spoke
And made him this reply:
'The power of God, seen in all things
On this terrestrial ball,
Is always shown by nature's means,
And can be seen by all;
Our mighty Anglo Saxon race,
The chosen of his hand,
Bids fair to gain, ere twelve months pass,
The empire of this land.
I received a note two weeks ago,
From Bragg, my early friend;
He says the Lion, roused at last,
Means strongly to contend.
He says that Louisburg, at length,
That bulwark of French power,
Succumbed to youthful, daring Wolfe,
Of Britain's sons the flower:

And ere the winter's snows do fall,
A numerous, gallant band
Of English troops will reach Quebec;
Wolfe has the chief command.
Johnson and Prideaux, from the west,
With many heroes more,
While Bragg will join him from the east,
With all his gallant corps.
And that's not all the joyful news,
Ticonderoga's ours.
Brave Amherst waves the British flag
Above its lofty towers;
The fleur-de-lis is seen no more
On Crown Point's grizzly wall;
And Amherst hurries to Quebec,
To hasten on its fall.
And this vile nest, which now we seek,
Where Robert does command,
Will not escape the general fall
Of French rule in this land.
For Rogers pledged his faith so true,
To me one month ago,
That he himself would lead a band,

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Where Loostook waters flow;
And if kind fortune should not smile
On this attempt of ours,
When next we come, we'll boldly meet
Our foe, with equal powers.
But do not think, my trusty friend,
Despair does bear a part;
Ah! no; sweet Hope, the mortal's friend,
Does rule within my heart.
Although my flesh does seem to waste,
And wrinkles mark my brow,
My arm is strong, my aim is sure,
Never more sure than now.
Ah! Milburn, small your love for life,
Compared with that for your dear wife.

CANTO IV.

Then Burwell said, while pleasure beamed
In his dark, flashing eyes:
'And Rogers really promised this?
Brave Rogers never lies;
Yes! Rogers is a Captain brave,
With skill and courage tried;
One year I'd give for one short day

In battle by his side.
But come, my friends, pursue our course—
Quick steps make journeys short;
I never longed a friend to see
As I long to see this fort.
With rapid pace they moved along
Across the dreary wild;
Burwell unerring led the course
As any forest child.
O'er mountains steep and valleys wild,
They forded many a stream,
Although above them shone the sun
With many a searching beam.
And when dark night upon the earth
Her sable mantle spread,
They ate their supper, and each one
Did seek his leafy bed.
Each one did sleep—aye, soundly sleep,
Such is the lot of those
Whose wills perform whatever feat
Their hardy souls propose.
Thus passed those six fatiguing days,
But when the seventh came,

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God's holy day they sacred kept
In honor of his name.
Not even to insure success,
Nor earthly laurels bright,
Had power to win George Milburn's heart,
From ways he knew were right.
This pious, brave, God fearing man,
Felt sore the chastening hand,
Yet never breathed a murmuring sigh,
And honored God's command.
Old Burwell too, the holy day
Was to keep sacred taught;
Yet, in plain truth, Maductic fort
Did most engross his thought.
For in the morn, when Milburn's voice
Was raised to God in prayer,
Old Burwell sprang upon his feet,
And said, 'Curs'd Hartel's there.'
That iron frame all toil defied,
For nature every want supplied.

CANTO V.

Come, gentle reader, turn with me,
To where Wallowstock boys

Her current (now the fair St. John)
 To the Atlantic shore;
 And fed by tributary streams,
 Three hundred miles or more
 The Indian sailed his light canoe,
 Along its gravelly shore.
 And near its banks, in a pleasant vale,
 An Indian village throve,
 Where the Mellicite prepared for war,
 Or wooed his dusky love.
 The wigwams reared among the elms
 That grew within this vale,
 Contained at least five hundred souls
 At the period of our tale.
 Some planted maize in early spring,
 On little plats of ground,
 And well the soil's fertility
 Their poorest efforts crowned.
 Each savage in his bark canoe
 Would oft his harpoon ply,
 By light of flambeaux, when the tide
 Would yield its luscious fry.
 And oft would ply the light canoes

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To where the ocean's roar
Was heard along the Loostook banks,
From the Atlantic shore.
There ships from France would sometimes ride,
Or safe at anchor lay,
From Breton's Cape or Royal Port*
Up Fundy's stormy bay,
With freight that of much value seemed
Unto each warrior's eye,
Of dangerous rifles and long knives,
Ever the first supply.
And clothes of simple fabric made,
The coarsest of their kind,
Were soon exchanged for fruits of chase,
And friendship each did bind.
Oh, that my pen no worse detail
Of traffic could describe,
Or e'er that christian nations should
By savage laws abide.
But during this long, dreadful war,
The goods most in demand

* Settlements were formed by the French at an early date on Cape Breton and along the coasts of Nova Scotia. ~~Halifax~~, at that time, was called Port Royal.

Annapolis

Were English scalps, for which French gold
Was always paid in hand.

CANTO VI.

When Argenseau* had supreme power
Of the Acadian wild,
A man of understanding deep,
His rule was firm and mild.
With his consent the Jesuit bore
The cross o'er hill and glen;
The savage Indians soon became
A race of christian men.
But those same lips that taught them prayers,
Taught other lessons too,
That each and all should work their best
The English to subdue.
And where each village smiling stood
Close by the river side,
A fort or block-house grimly frowned,
Where soldiers did abide.
The commandant of each fort right well
His path of duty knew,

* It was during the administration of Argenseau that the Jesuit missionaries were successful in converting the Pagan Indians in Acadia to christianity.

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So strove to win the hearts of all,
Of chiefs and warriors too.
A chain of forts did thus extend
From where the St. John pours
Its waters in the ocean bed
To the St. Lawrence shores.
And at the time of which we write,
The largest of them all
Was called Maductic, which does mean,
In Indian, waterfall.
The village likewise bore that name,
And well the Frenchman knew
'Twould please the haughty Indian's pride
To call the fort so too.
The fort, built on a rising ground,
Did frowning grizzly stand;
Four cannon, mounted on its walls,
Did every point command.
Two hundred warriors, brave at need,
Would answer Robert's call,
Likewise threescore French infantry,
Within the block-house wall.
Outside the fort a cottage stood,

With many marks of taste,
 For here did Robert's wife reside,
 A lady of much grace.
 The wide Atlantic's roar she'd braved
 To join her martial lord,
 And to the Indians known was she,
 As the gentle warlike bird.
 And when the band by Blacksnake led,
 Had reached its journey's end,
 Matilda found, in Robert's wife,
 A sympathizing friend;
 For true affliction opens wide
 The portals of the heart,
 While kindred spirits love so well
 To plead each other's part.
 Then to Soxlixus, Edwin, she
 Did cheerfully resign,
 God's word upheld and nerved her heart,
 Her faith did brightly shine.
 Young Edwin, too, in his new home
 Insensibly did gain
 Each day new knowledge of the life
 He now was to maintain.

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Hope always whispered to his heart,

His father yet he'd see.

His mother dear, and all he loved,

Once more should happy be.

His spirits, buoyant as the roe

That skirts the mountain side,

Oh, how this warrior loved the boy,

His darling hope and pride.

Together they would snare the moose,

Or hunt the shaggy bear,

Or ply the harpoon on the stream;

Thus passed the spring-time fair.

And Hartel knew that Robert's dame

Her husband's will could move,

And saw it was in vain to try

Schemes of revenge or love.

CANTO VII.

He who o'er this branch of the tribe

The belt of chief did wear,

Was one whom years had rendered sage,

His name was Peter Bear.*

*The chieftainship of the northern Mellicites has for ages been conferred upon the Bear family, and still continues.

He planned each march of the warrior band,
 Their destination true;
 And each received from him his share
 Of pay and plunder too.
 The scalps uplifted by his men,
 To Robert took with speed,
 Who first would pay in silver crowns,
 Then praise the *gallant* deed.
 Those scalps once worn by every age,
 By every sex and grade,
 The strong man's locks, the infant's curls,
 And tress of lovely maid,
 Were strung alike on slender poles,
 The block-house walls to deck,
 And there remained till time arrived
 To send them to Quebec.

CANTO VIII.

One morn, as daylight crowned the hills,
 Soxlixus did repair
 Unto the lodge whose owner was
 The mighty Peter Bear.
 With greetings short the chieftain spake:
 'Soxlixus, tried in war,

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Would it not please your gallant heart
Again to range afar,
To scalp the yangees of the south,
Thus wealth and honors win ?
You then shall wear a chieftain's belt,
When you return again.
Take twelve stout warriors of the tribe,
And on the war path trail;
You will return with many scalps,
You surely cannot fail.
Soxlixus bowed, it was his wish—
He honored Peter Bear;
And now for love of his brave boy,
He longed the belt to wear.
A stimulus for his stout heart
Young Edwin did provide ;
He longed to meet a gallant foe,
With Edwin by his side.
He bowed to Peter Bear, and said:
'Before the sun rides high,
Soxlixus will be on the path,
His strength again to try.'
Then like an arrow from the bow,

To his own camp he flew,
 And these few words to Edwin spake,
 As to his side he drew:
 'I go to meet my father's foe;
 Were it a redskin tribe,
 My gallant boy, my Eagle Eye,
 Should combat by my side.
 But now, remain in Robert's lodge
 Some twenty suns or more,
 Till I with honor do return
 Unto Walloostook shore.'

CANTO IX.

Young Edwin smiled, and sadly bowed—
 The parting gave him pain;
 Yet sweet and filial tenderness
 Induced him to remain.
 A mother's love ! at evening hours,
 That solace sweet and clear
 Can force a broken heart to sing,
 And make a prison dear.
 Her love was centered in the boy,
 For ne'er again did she
 Expect to see her husband dear,

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Or breathe sweet liberty.
Each time she looked with tender gaze,
On Edwin's smiling face—
'My darling boy, my bonny boy,'
A mother's sweet embrace
With which she'd clasp him to her heart,
'My son, my earthly joy,
My husband's heart, my husband's face
Are given to my boy.
How kind the heavenly Father King,
Who in his wisdom chose
To take up friends for me and mine,
Among our savage foes.
To those be true, my Edwin dear,
Yet ever stand prepared
To meet your father in that world
Where heavenly joys are shared.'
Each Indian hunter loved the lad;
His daring look and eye,
And generous mien, did much them please;
Such traits they pass not by.
His was the heart to win brave hearts,
And many friends to make,

For all did love the Eagle Eye,
 Except the chief, Blacksnake.
 Yet Blacksnake dared not raise a hand
 To harm Soxlixus' friend;
 For well he knew that doing so
 Would quickly bring his end.

CANTO X.

'Twas long ere noon of the same day
 The war fire bright had flamed,
 And twelve stout warriors struck the path,
 To seek for scalps again,
 And quickly scouring through the wilds,
 Intent on furious deed.
 Soxlixus was indeed convinced
 The belt should be his meed.
 Ambitious projects filled his mind,
 And all for Eagle Eye;
 He inward vowed the boy should rule
 As chief o'er all the tribe.
 But, noble warrior, time's at hand,
 Another race shall rule thy land.

CANTO XI.

Two days they marched without fatigue

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Of limbs that ne'er did fail,
But on the morning of the third
Their party crossed a trail.
Each paused and marked the trail with care,
On plants and faded leaves,
Till one remarked, 'The yangees' feet
"Leave marks that ne'er deceive."
Soxlixus' practised eye did scan,
At length he slowly spoke:
'Six yangee hunters from the south,
Fast nearing Robert's fort.
Let's run with speed upon the trail,
Since daylight here they passed,
The dew has not yet kissed the trail,
Their steps are long and fast.
Soxlixus' wish, when thus expressed,
Found ready response there;
Twelve stalwart braves, with such a chief,
Would any dangers share.
Each loosed his knife, each primed his gun,
As on the trail they flew,
And ere high noon, so swift their pace,
Close on the chase they drew.

Oh ! that some guardian angel would
 Speak low in Milburn's ear,
 To warn him of the common foe,
 A whisper, 'danger's near.'
 'The yangee takes his noontide meal,'
 Soxlixus thus did say,
 'We'll like the serpent on them steal,
 They'll be an easy prey.
 Six yangee warriors, captive led,
 Would much increase our fame;
 To lead six yangee warriors home
 Will give a lasting name.

CANTO XII.

Now reader, where was Burwell's band,
 When danger was so near ?
 Each heart beat high with anxious hope,
 They strangers were to fear.
 And now, when Sol had reached the south,
 And gained the zenith clear,
 The party paused to take their meal,
 The flesh of mountain deer.
 This flesh well dried beside the fire,
 Was all each hunter chose

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As food, when scouring out for game,
Or marching 'gainst his foes.
Nor dreamed they danger was so near,
Yet Burwell's cautious eye
Was ever glancing hastily,
With hope some foe to spy.
And thus he spake: 'Should fortune smile,
Just as we near the fort,
And send us out an Indian band,
What happy, glorious sport.
The distance to Maductic falls
Is short from where we stand.
Oh! for one hundred daring men,
With Rogers to command.'
Ah, Burwell! close to where you stand,
Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,
They scent the food we eat;
No! by my murdered father's soul,
'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.
Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!
And quicker than the word

Each one did seize his iron tube,
And stood upon his guard.
Fierce rage did shake Soxlixus' frame;
He by a sapling stood,
(For on the spot where thus they met,
Was a heavy growth of wood,)
Each Indian by instinct did lay
Like a serpent on the ground;
Soxlixus' plan was to enclose
And thus the prey surround,
But fortune favored Burwell's band,
The side they safe had chose
Was the only side was not exposed
To their relentless foes.
And though Soxlixus' swarthy cheek
Did glow with fever ray,
He did admire the quick dispatch
That Burwell did display.
He dared not call his braves around;
He knew the yangees' eye
Was quick to view and straight to aim;
This did his patience try.
For two long hours each did wait,

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Not moving from his post;
The Burwells knew an Indian band
Did watch in covert close.
Old Burwell said in after times,
When speaking of this day,
That the smoky smell of their greasy hides
Did choke him where he lay.
At length young Joseph Burwell's arm
Escaped its covert free—
An Indian warrior's glance it caught,
Exposed beside the tree,
And quick his rifle on it bore,
While he exposed to view
His shoulder, arm and dusky face
To David's aim so true.
Old David's aim was quick as thought;
One moment did not pass
Ere the rifles held by those foemen stern,
Did simultaneous flash.
A low death wail escaped the lips
Of this stout Indian brave;
His soul went to the spirit land,
The wilds became his grave.

But yet his ball sped not in vain,
 The blood did trickle down
 From Joseph's arm, which useless hung,
 And stained the leaves and ground.
 'Ha ! one fiend gone to Tophet's shades,'
 Was whispered from the stand
 That Burwell took, behind a bush,
 Where he the scene had scanned.
 Not e'en the movement of a leaf
 Escaped his wakeful eye,
 And Soxlixus' fiery gaze
 Right equally did spy.
 None dared to speak, none dared to stir,
 None dared to move a limb;
 Each knew the part exposed to view
 Would feel a bullet in.

CANTO XIV.

And thus two hours more did pass,
 In silence where they stood;
 No sound was heard but the summer breeze
 That rustled through the wood.
 Then called Soxlixus: 'Come ye squaws,
 For once fair battle wage;

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How will the carrion crow rejoice,
If once we do engage.
But no! lie close; you dare not fight;
You dread a warrior's arm.
If you will but give up your arms,
You safe shall be from harm.'
'Ha, ha!' laughed Burwell from his tree,
'You coward, Indian knave,
Your worthless scalp my knife shall raise,
And that of every brave.
Where can a Mellicite be found
To face a yangee's eye?
The Water Snake defies you all;
His knife you dare not try.'
Then like an arrow from the bow,
Soxlixus forward sprung;
His axe he shook, his knife he drew,
Was soon his foes among.

CANTO XV.

'Well! well!' and Burwell loudly spake,
'No bullet you shall feel;
You're the first redskin I ever saw,
Dared meet the yangee steel.

Call out your braves, if ten to one,
And all with hearts like thee;
They come, they come! to feed the crows—
Such is their destiny.
With frightful whoops those warriors sprang
From where they lay concealed,
And forward rushed with rapid pace,
And thus their force revealed.
'There are but twelve,' George Milburn cried;
'Let's show them open fight.'
Ah, reader, such a scene as rose,
Was worth a warrior's sight.
James Burwell's bullet found the heart
Of one stout Indian brave;
The horrid whoop was on his lips,
It was the last he gave.
But ah! poor Jemmy, 'tis the last,
The last day of your life;
Soxlixus fiercely on him sprang,
With hatchet and with knife.
Now all engaged by times in squads,
By times in single pairs,
But few the words, but few the shouts,

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Each minding his affairs.
Old Burwell's rifle clubbed in hand
Was all he deigned to wield;
'No weapons will I use this day
But those of wood and steel.
His honor led to equal fight,
And through that dreadful day,
His loaded rifle clubbed in hand,
Was used throughout the fray.

CANTO XVI.

The third poor victim of the strife
Was Burwell's youngest son;
He was the first Soxlixus met
After the fight began.
Each seized the other by the hand
That held the dangerous knife,
But the mighty strength of the Indian chief
Did soon decide the strife.
He forced James Burwell to his knees,
Then springing back again,
Like lightning whirled his axe in air
And clove his head in twain.
A stalwart warrior Burwell chose,

Known as the Panther strong;
Most skillful did he ward the blows
Which Burwell showered on.
Those heavy blows fell thick and fast,
Succumb the Indian must;
For he could not elude the strokes,
Nor found he time to thrust.
George Milburn's rifle used with ease,
With but his dexter hand,
Cool and determined in his mind,
He cheered the little band.
The first two Indians he engaged
Were quickly laid quite low,
By thrust and parry with the knife,
And then the ponderous blow.
Three warriors chose the Nimble Deer,
He did them all employ;
His active limbs escaped the strokes
They aimed with savage joy.
And swiftly gliding from the ring
His savage foes would form,
Beneath their arms like lightning pass,
And thus escape the storm.

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Then like tigress turned at bay,
And quick as lightning's flash,
With nervous arm and dauntless heart,
Again would on them dash.
They ne'er could strike a mortal blow,
Whilst passing with such speed,
Still many cuts did each receive,
And all did freely bleed.

CANTO XVII.

None could withstand the rush of war,
When Milburn onward bore;
And every way this hero turned,
The Indians fled before.
Poor Joseph, weak and wounded sore,
Did bravely play his part,
Till by his father's side he fell,
Pierced deep unto the heart.
Then Burwell like the storm king raged;
Yet rage but ill supplied
The stream of life issuing from
A deep gash in his side.
At him an Indian rifle aimed,
Borne to the warrior's cheek,

Soxlixus spied, and loudly cried:

‘The rifle must not speak!’

And as he spoke John Burwell’s knife

Was aimed deep for his heart,

But on the ribs did slant along,

And missed the vital part.

‘What! dare you match a warrior strong,

And you but yet a child?’

Soxlixus said, and on him turned,

And fiercely, grimly smiled,

The hatchet in his dexter hand

Just drank his brother’s life,

Alas! poor John, your time has come,

You now must feel the knife.

He seized the arm that held the knife,

His giant strength soon bore

The stripling’s form against a tree

That stood from times of yore—

Then pressed his body like a vice,

His knife freed with a jerk.

Then held the bloody knife in air—

That knife had done its work.

He gazed upon his victim’s form,

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As life fast ebb'd away;
'Poor boy !' he said, 'to the spirit land
May you in pleasure stray.'
But this last gaze was dearly bought;
The sight caught Milburn's eye;
'Now by my good right arm,' he said,
'Your furious strength I'll try.'
Then rushed to meet the stalwart chief,
Who saw with kindling eye
A foeman worthy of his arm,
Who would his valor try.

CANTO XVIII.

Like torrents from the mountain side,
That meet beneath the vale,
Met strong Soxlilus in his might,
And the hero of this tale.
Each plied the knife with his left hand,
Then each would backward spring;
The furious blows each well did guard,
And steel on steel did ring.
But Milburn's weight, and nervous arm,
Did soon begin to show;
The Indian felt his strength was fast

Departing with each blow.
Just then another Indian came,
With footsteps like the wind,
And dealt a heavy, sinking blow
On Milburn's arm behind.
He turned his face on this new foe,
But scarce had wheeled around,
Before Soxlixus' heavy axe
Had smote him to the ground.
'Ha, ha, ha, ha!' the Indian cried,
And made the welkin ring;
'His scalp is equal to the whole
We've lifted since the spring.'
He ran his hand through Milburn's locks
A dozen times or more,
Whilst the unconscious hero lay
Imbedded in his gore.
The other Indians round him danced,
With fearful shouts of joy,
But David's eye then caught the sight,
And did his force employ.
Like arrow loosened from a bow,
He bounded like a ball

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Upon the swarthy Indian's form,
And with his weight did fall.
His nimble feet the savage felt,
With all his weight he bore;
The Indian from his victim rolled
A dozen feet or more.
'Arise, dear Captain Milburn, rise,'
As by his side he knelt;
Soxlixus heard the magic name,
No longer anger felt.
'Stay! stay the strife!' he loudly cried,
'Strike not another blow;
Strike not!—the one who draws his knife
Shall know me as a foe.'
And just in time the mandate came
To save old Burwell's life,
Who all unconscious, bleeding lay,
Above him gleamed the knife.
But at this order from the chief,
Each weapon point did fall,
While bleeding, panting, round him drew
His warriors one and all.

CANTO XIX.

Soxlixus too, was bleeding fast,

Both bruised and wounded sore,

And thus addressed the Nimble Deer

Who calmly stood before:

'Say, yangee, say, and speak the truth,

Is that the Open Hand,

Who lies before us on the ground,

The captain of your band?

'Yes, 'tis the best and bravest man

That ever trod the land,

And always called by his Indian friends,

The yangee Open Hand;

But there he lies, quick! ease his pain,

Use quick the bloody knife;

Here, take my scalp, my friends are gone,

And valueless is life.'

'No! not for all the sun shines on,'

Soxlixus made reply,

To take the life of Open Hand,

Or injure him would I.'

He straightway took George Milburn's hand,

And gazed with anxious eye;

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At length aloud with joy he spoke:

'The yangee will not die,

His life blood warms his fearless heart,

Our wishes are not vain;

Each friend of Open Hand is mine,

And brave are all the same.

Go, see your brothers, Nimble Deer,

No longer foes are we;

A link does bind the Open Hand

And all his friends to me.'

He to his warriors then did say,

'Our wounded brothers see;

Dark was the morn we left our homes,

Dark to our friends and me.

But the Great Spirit in his home,

Did need those warriors there;

They'll ever roam the happy fields,

And endless joy shall share.'

CANTO XX.

Seven of that savage band

Lay stretched upon the ground

With battered skulls, a ghastly sight,

And two with gunshot wounds.

Old David did at length revive,
 Locked in the manly arms
 Of his first-born, the Nimble Deer,
 Who was quite free from harm.
 And Milburn too, though deadly weak,
 His wounds were dressed with care.
 Experience taught the Mellicite
 The use of balms in war.
 Between two hillocks near the spot
 Were laid the Indian braves,
 A simple cross above them raised,
 That marked their humble graves;
 And by their side the Burwells lie,
 Till the last trump shall sound,
 Their youthful forms, their youthful hopes
 Together in the ground.
 A hasty camp and sheltered spot
 The Indian warriors made,
 And David, with the Open Hand,
 Was there by them conveyed.
 And when three days had made their turn,
 Agreed each Indian brave
 To meet their chief in four weeks time,

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Beside their comrade's grave—
But none when to their home returned,
Should o'er disclose the tale;
To draw the promise from each one,
Soxlixus did prevail.
Whilst he, Soxlixus, did remain
To nurse the wounded foe,
And how he did perform his task,
The reader soon shall know.
For twelve long days by weakness held,
Bound to their leafy bed,
Those stout, strong men, like new-born babes,
Were gently nursed and fed.
Soxlixus brought and dressed the food,
And skillful did prepare
The healing potion, from the plants
That grew in plenty there;
Whilst oft unconscious of the hands
That dressed from day to day
Their wounds with full a woman's care,
The suffering heroes lay.

CANTO XXI.

And oft when slumber o'er them stole,

Soxlixus then would raise
And fix his eyes on Milburn's face,
With long and anxious gaze.
What were the thoughts then filled his mind,
His wild, untutored mind?
One selfish thought among the host,
And all the rest were kind.
'His is the heart, his is the glance
Of my brave Eagle Eye;
The strongest yangee on the earth,
I did his weapon try.
Oh, how my heart grows warm and soft,
But yet I will be strong—
No! Open Hand, the Eagle Eye
Must not to you belong.
He yet shall be the greatest chief
That ever hatchet wore,
And rule all tribes who fires raise
On the Walloostook shore.'
Young David Burwell knew the chief
On Indian friendship bent;
To heal his foes, and send them home,
Was truly his intent.

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But his own mind—it would be vain
For writer to essay
To paint the thoughts of that brother dear,
Or attempt them to portray.
And Burwell too, when strength returned,
Although in fight, severe,
No father ever loved his sons
With more affection dear.
But not one word fell from his lips,
Of a complaining part;
His thoughts were for himself alone,
Fast locked within his heart.
No question e'er dropped from his lips,
Nor did a sign betray
The smallest mark of gratitude,
As on his couch he lay.
His iron nature could not yield,
And hope was still as strong
As when youth, strength and those he loved,
Did all to him belong;
And patience is a hero's grace,
And resignation true;
Religion and an iron will

Can every ill subdue.
 And those the hardy sons of toil,
 Dame Nature's children strong—
 Deep, deep indeed, must be the wounds
 That do confine them long.

CANTO XXII.

The fourth week from the day of strife,
 Their path again resumed.
 September's winds had shorn the trees
 Of all their summer bloom.
 Short were the parting greetings made,
 George Milburn only spake:
 'Farewell, stout chief; your warlike tribe
 Is honored for your sake.'
 Now, reader, see them as they move,
 And judge the human heart,
 With hopes defeated and such friends,
 By death were forced to part.
 Well might the casuist reason thus—
 That every ill of man
 Had centered in those hunters' lives,
 Since spring-time had begun.
 And did they bow, or weakly grieve,

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Or needlessly repine?
No! other thoughts than black despair
Did rule each active mind.
George Milburn knew his duty true,
Through life had right been run;
Though reason whispered to him thus:
‘You’ll ne’er see wife or son,’
Yet in his heart he meekly said:
‘My Father’s will be done.’
And Burwell—such consoling thoughts
As these did fill his mind;
‘My bonny boys, my gallant boys
No nobler graves could find.’
But in his heart, a constant fire
Of grief and hate did glow,
But pride would ever check the tongue,
No signs of grief he’d show.
And thus they southward journeyed on,
Swiftly the wilds do pass along.

PART V.

CANTO I. .

Now, reader dear, another scene
Is brought before your view;
A city bustling with its throngs,
Of every shade and hue.
New York is now a busy town,*
In martial dress arrayed,
For men of every rank are there,
Of military grade.
See soldiers teeming through the streets,
And different bands appear;
The well trained veteran of the crown,
And colonial volunteer.
For tidings o'er the ocean came,
And with them came command
To all who martial honors wore,
In this high favored land—

* Large forces assembled in and about New York, for the purpose of assisting in the invasion of Canada. Amherst's and Bragg's brigades were the only troops that arrived in time to assist in the reduction of Quebec.

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For the St. Lawrence at that hour,
Was whitened with the sails
Of ships that bore the gallant Wolfe
Before our northern gales—
That all the servants of the crown
Should join him ere the hour
Arrived, which was to wrest from France,
Of western soil the power.
So ran the mandate, and it met
A ready response then.
For volunteers from every point,
And every grade of men,
Flocked to New York, the centre point,
Where bands quick formed were,
Then hastened to the border lines,
To swell the ranks of war.

CANTO II.

There Johnson, with his veteran bands,
Of long acquired fame,
Where proud Dieskau met his death,
Had won a lasting name.
Their leader was the sovereign's pet,
Fit chief to lead the way,

And gather laurels on the fields
Where fame and glory lay.
And active Prideaux led the bands
From England's honored strand;
Two strong battalions owned his sway,
And moved at his command.
And Amherst, too, yet red from war,
And flushed with victory, came,
Ticonderoga and Crown Point
Just added to his fame.
And Bragg did lead the eastern men,
Long trained to forest war;
With willing hearts they left their homes,
To march through wilds afar.
For deeds of rapine, fire and blood,
By French and Indian hands,
Did fill their hearts with black revenge,
On all the savage bands.
And orders came that Bragg's brigade
Should hurry on before,
Across green Vermont, o'er the hills,
To the St. Lawrence shore.
And speedy, speedy was the march

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Of those brave warriors tried,
All anxious to behold the fleet
On the St. Lawrence tide.

CANTO III.

And now behold the leading file,
Fast treading o'er a vale;
Each good knife slung in a leathern belt,
And rifle at a trail.

Their leader's tall and martial frame
In front of all appears,
Strong bulwark of the British crown,
Was Bragg with his volunteers.
And by his side George Milburn walks,
His firm and early friend;
Together they had trained in arms,
Long ere they marched as men.
Had fought the savage side by side,
Each pain and pleasure shared;
Such happy friendship formed in youth,
Stern manhood ne'er impaired.

CANTO IV.

Old Burwell, too, had joined the band,
For many an anxious face

Was known to him among that band,
From his dear native place.
He loved the martial pomp and air,
He loved the rolling drums;
George Milburn's weal was his first wish,
The next to avenge his sons.
And by his side his brave first-born,
But, oh! how changed in mien;
The last four months to that young man,
Had like a lifetime been.
'Tis Bragg now speaks and Milburn hears:
'To-morrow eve, at most,
We tread the deck of England's fleet,
And move with England's host.
When Quebec falls, my word is pledged,
Is pledged to all my friends,
That Maductic fort shall bear our flag
Before the campaign ends.'
'God grant it may!' George Milburn said,
'If not a willing heart
To bear my lot, may He above,
In mercy this impart.'

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CANTO V.

But, reader, I shall not attempt
To paint the marching host,
Nor pause to tell how they arrived
At the St. Lawrence coast;
Nor tell how Montmorenci's steep
Beheld the British band
Retire before the numerous host,
That owned Montcalm's command;
Nor need I speak of the daring hearts
That scaled the cliff so tall;
Nor how they stood in battle line,
Before the city wall;
Nor how Montcalm with courage high,
Advanced to give them fight,
Nor how the French gave up the field
Full long before 'twas night;
Nor how the nation's darling fell,
The pride of Britain's host;
The flower of England's chivalry,
The glorious victory cost.
For many have those scenes detailed,
With abler pens than mine,

But they remain on Britain's fame,
Engraved to the end of time.

CANTO VI.

One morn, when bleak December's snows,
Had covered field and bay,
And all the Canadian hostile shore
Acknowledged British sway,
No more the old St. Lawrence's tide
Resounded with the roar
Of cannon's boom, nor clash of steel
Was heard upon its shore.
Most volunteers had sought their homes,
The rifle laid aside—
Again sweet peace they did enjoy,
Around the fireside;
And many who had felt the chills
Of the French prisons grim,
Stood forth released, and, ho! for home,
Joy's cup filled to the brim.
Men's forms were there who, years before,
The Indian withes had bound,
Had lain as prisoners many years,
Within the hostile town.

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And females—mothers, wives and maids—
Some taken when so young
They had forgot their early homes,
Forgot their native tongue.

CANTO VII.

Now Murray sat in Montcalm's halls,
Supremely held command;
He represented Britain's crown,
O'er the new conquered land.
Three times to him had Bragg repaired,
And begged a force full strong,
Now to reduce the hostile forts
On the banks of the St. John.
But all in vain—one single man
He would not send away,
He needed all his soldiers there;
There Bragg in vain did pray.
At length discouraged left the spot,
And parting, this he said:
'These forts will fall ere turn of spring
Without proud Murray's aid.'
But other hearts and other tongues
To Amherst had applied,

Whose forces lay in fair Sorelle,
By the St. Lawrence tide.
He heard the tale of Milburn's wrongs,
From Burwell, who implored
Him to fit out some volunteers
To raze Maductic fort.
'I dare not, dare not, gallant friend,'
Stout Amherst made reply;
'A truce exists with our late foes,
So how can I comply?
For rumor from the English shores
The tidings doth reveal,
That late at Ghent, with all due form,
A treaty has been sealed.
But still were I a private man,
The route I sure would share,
And many a bold volunteer
Will travel with you there.
Despatch at once, and Milburn bring,
And ere my force disband,
A conference of leaders wise
Will take your case in hand.'
Then Burwell, bowing, left the room,

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And in five minutes' time
Was hurrying on to reach Quebec,
Hope lighting up his mind.

CANTO VIII.

In Amherst's quarters, large and warm,
Though cold the north winds blew,
Some twenty men of every age,
Round the huge chimney drew.
The Indian weed was blithely whiffed,
The bottle made its round,
For all were hardy, fighting mer,
From General Amherst down.
There Rogers' tall and heavy form,
Yet active as the roe;
An Indian fighter from his youth,
Their implacable foe.
Swift on the march, and fierce in fight,
Yet cool in time of need,
An iron will when once resolved,
Seemed formed for daring deed.
The King's commission, too, he bore,
A major in the blues;
'Twas said of him, an Indian fight

He never did refuse.
 His band of rangers, in that war,
 Had been a bulwark sure;
 When Rogers and his band were out,
 Each hamlet was secure.
 No force or distance e'er deterred,
 When out upon the trail
 Of French or Indians, and his band
 Was never known to fail.
 And other leaders, too, were there,
 All men of courage tried,
 Clark from the west, of Indian fame,
 And gallant Bragg beside.

CANTO IX.

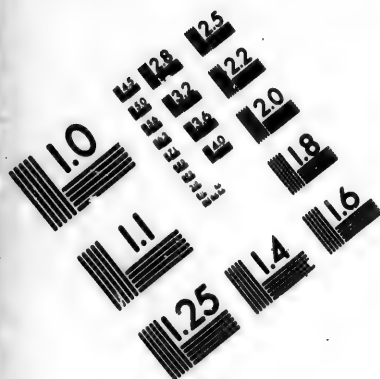
Then Amherst spake: 'Friends, one and all,
 Pray your attention lend;
 And Burwell, tell the history,
 You told me of your friend.
 And then, my friends, may each revolve
 The subject in his mind:
 God grant that for these sad mishaps
 We shall a balsam find.'
 'A balsam find!' stout Bragg replied;

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‘The balsam’s at our hand—
Send five hundred of our men,
And give me the command;
We’ll sweep that nest and clear the spot,
And set each captive free.’
‘Ah, no,’ said Amherst, ‘tr does bind
Each officer with me.’
Then each looked blank, the treaty strong
Chained each and every hand.
Though strong the will, yet all was vain,
There lay the stern command.
For full five minutes silence reigned,
At length stout Rogers rose:
‘My word I never forfeited
When pledged to friends or foes.
Long ere the autumn leaves did fall,
To Milburn I was bound
To lead a force against our foes
On the Acadian ground.
And while a servant of the Crown,
I Murray must obey;
But as Tom Rogers I can roam,
And let my pleasure sway.’

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Then from his breast a parchment drew,
 And on the table laid:
 'I here resign my martial rank,
 My military grade.
 Now to Fort Dummer I repair,
 And ere three weeks have run,
 I march me for Maductic fort,
 If I should march alone.'
 But well he knew that warriors tried
 Would march to battle by his side.

CANTO X.

Now, reader, would you like to learn
 How poor Matilda fared?
 Likewise all those who held her grief,
 And all her sufferings shared?
 Well, turn with me to where St. John's
 Smooth, placid waters glide,
 On one of autumn's sunny eves,
 Near to the river side.
 Two ladies wandered by the tide,
 In friendly converse meet,
 And hark! they speak the English tongue
 In measures low and sweet.

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The rich complexion of the south
Adorned the younger one,
Her soft, dark eyes, bedewed with tears,
She thus the theme began:
"My own dear friend, my darling friend,
Most dear unto my heart,
My selfishness induced the wish
You ne'er would from me part.
When first I drew the vital breath,
Near to the town of Lisle,
My father was a wealthy count,
And I his only child;
And all the pains a heart could wish
He did bestow on me,
But at sixteen my heart was pledged
To him you each day see.
An army sergeant won my love,
Such ardent love was mine,
His gallant mien and martial form
Did round my heart entwine.
My father's pride with scorn repelled
My love for one so low,
And oft by prayers and penance sought

My passion to forego;
But oh, the flame exhaustless bound
My heart, my soul, my brain;
With him, oh ! what intense delight—
Without him, oh ! what pain.
My father's pride at length prevailed,
He closed his heart and door,
And on me laid the heavy ban.
To ne'er behold him more.
I'd sought and won the boon of love,
I chose not wealth or fame;
Far more to me, one constant heart,
Than glory's proudest name.
United to my soldier boy,
These ten long years I've been,
And dearer every day I love,
Could but the heart be seen—
Much rather lean upon his breast,
Knowing his heart my own,
Than sit pavilioned gorgeously,
Upon a regal throne.
My love sustained my soldier's heart,
In battle-field or camp;

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*The battle of
great Frederic,

My love oft healed his wounded frame,
Or cheered a prison damp.

CANTO XI.

For bravery shown at Collin's fight,*

He won the public thanks
Of that brave hero of dear France—
The gallant Marshal Saxe.

Promotion quickly followed this,

And e'er two years did wear,
My husband dear, my soldier brave,
A major's rank did bear.

And when to seek these distant wilds,

Came orders from our King,
The boon I sought and did obtain,
Was leave to follow him;

And here, or in our own dear France,

It is the same to me,
Let fortune smile, or fortune frown,
If my own lord I see.

Then can I sympathy withhold
From one whose love, like mine,

*The battle of Collin was fought between the Prussians under the great Frederic, and the French and Austrians.

Is true and faithful as the sun
 That in the heaven shines.
 Yes! such a heart, such strength of mind,
 Such courage you display,
 The wisest, best of woman-kind
 Beside me stands this day.
 And our fair friend, our Mary dear,
 Her face a tale doth show;
 I would give half my husband's fame,
 To ease but half her woe.
 And yet at times, a smile o'erspreads
 That pale but lovely face,
 A smile that tells of hope and love,
 A token of God's grace."

CANTO XII.

Matilda answered: 'Lady fair,
 The strength that leads us through,
 Is firm reliance on our God,
 Whose promises are true.
 And this He's promised in his word,
 To grant a victory;
 And as our need in trials is,
 That so our strength shall be.

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'Twas this sustained me in the hour
When all around was flame.
'Twas this sustained me when my babe
And dearest friends were slain.
And my dear husband's in His hands,
That cheers my heart this night,
For if he lives, or if he's dead,
I know that all is right.'
With wonder Robert's lady gazed,
At length made this reply:
'Great heavens ! were I in your sad state,
On what could I rely !'
'Ah , lady, dear, this world will change,
Death meets the most secure,
And when misfortunes wreck our hearts,
God's promises are sure;
Then, pray thee, seize the precious boon,
And claim this heavenly friend,
For life, at best, is but a dream,
Soon will the vision end.'
'I'm happy in my present state,'
Robert's fair lady said,
'My husband's love is all I need,

In it my mind is stayed.
 The clouds that o'er the future hang,
 His love can cast away;
 His presence turns a night of gloom
 To pleasure's radiant day.'

CANTO XIII.

They thus discoursing cleared the fort,
 The sentinel at his post
 Did pass his rounds, whilst round about
 Was seen a motley host;
 For Hartel on the chiefs prevailed
 To Quebec forward on
 All captives in the northern forts,
 By route of the St. John.
 And Blacksnake's mind was darker still,
 Revenge deep in his heart;
 And Robert's power restrained the same—
 That's why he longed to part.
 Soxlixus' absence too, had helped
 To ease his foes of dread,
 His warriors' silence of his fate,
 Made most believe him dead.
 And letters signed by Montcalm's hand,

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To Hartel orders bore,
That he must hurry to Quebec,
And leave the 'Loostook shore.
For three long months his patience bore,
To find a fitting time;
To glut his hate and wicked lust,
Appeared to him no crime.
He had arranged that fierce Blacksnake
The warriors should harangue,
Whilst he himself the captives meek
Of Robert should demand;
And thus he spoke, that all might hear,
In military tone—
(All knew that Robert's martial grade
Was inferior to his own):
'I leave to-morrow for Quebec,
The same, no' doubt, you know,
And 'tis the wish of all the chiefs,
That the captives also go.'
'Where are the captives?' Robert said;
'At present none are here;
The English ladies are my guests,
My lady loves them dear;

As sisters bound by friendship's tie
 My wife and they appear,
 And for our sakes, pray grant this boon,
 To let them tarry here.'
 'The orders from Montcalm are prompt,'
 This Hartel then did say,
 'That we should send the captives on,
 We dare not disobey.
 And if I do not grant your wish,
 The fault is none of mine,—
 And in the morning I'll expect
 The captives you'll resign.'

CANTO XIV.

Stout Robert dared not question this,
 By stern discipline bound,
 But slightly bowed, and doffed his hat,
 And slowly left the ground.
 Young Mary Hanson and her charge,
 George Milburn's daughter young,
 Met Robert as he passed the gate,
 The child towards him ran;
 For really kind was this brave man,
 And gentle to the weak,

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And now his tongue refused to move,
Whilst tears rolled down his cheek.
'Twas then the females passed the door,
His lady quick did spy
The marks of grief her husband wore,—
Too soon she learned why.
Her woman heart did quick suspect,
For she had heard before,
Of Hartel's conduct on the route
To the Walloostook shore.
'And must this vile Canadian beast,
This base and cruel man,
Succeed in this infernal plot,
This base, infamous plan?'

CANTO XV.

With pain and grief her bosom swelled,
And all that night she lay
In fearful dread of the rising sun,
Of the approaching day.
Not so Matilda passed the night;
She calmly heard the tale;
She knew all could but end in death,
Then what would grief avail?

Soxlixus' brother and the chiefs
Agreed to keep the boy,
Which, when the plotting cavil knew,
Did lessen half their joy.
Robert's fair lady quick did send,
To tell the Eagle Eye,
Who stoutly did deny the right,
And Hartel did defy.
But, when next morning's opening ray
Of beauteous Sol did shine,
Hartel appeared in martial dress
As Colonel of the line,
And ordered all the troops to arms;
And chiefs and braves were there
Who did acknowledge for their chief
The mighty Peter Bear.
When all was ready, Hartel spoke,
And signed with rising hand:
'As your superior officer,
The captives I demand.'
The females heard those accents stern;
No pen could e'er describe
The different feelings, different pains,

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By which their hearts were tried.
Dear reader, did you never feel
A tone that tingled through
Each nerve, and likewise pierced the heart,
And bone and marrow too?
Yes, tones that bowed the soul to earth,
That seemed life drops to wring
From every fibre of the heart,
From every chord and string.
Such was Mary Hanson's state;
She as a statue stood,
Each limb its office did refuse;
Not so Matilda's mood;
She calmly smiled, yet met the glance
Of Hartel with a gleam
That did extinguish every hope,
And vengeance reigned supreme;
But not one sign of rage displayed,
For well could he conceal
Every emotion, every thought
His traitorous heart did feel.
CANTO XVI.
Young Edwin earnestly did plead

To share the captive's woe;
But all in vain; the chiefs would not
Consent to let him go.

Then unto Hartel thus he spake;

‘As sure as life is thine,

We meet again, and then, beware!

The victory shall be mine.

Though but a boy, I pledge my word,

To bind me when a man,

In peace or war no time or truce

Shall save you from my hand.’

‘Go, prating boy,’ then Hartel says—

‘What do you know of warriors’ ways?’

CANTO XVII.

A stalwart warrior, Edwin’s friend,

Then led him from the spot.

He was one of Soxlixus’ men,

Whom Edwin’s father fought.

‘Be not cast down, my Eagle Eye,

The Frenchman’s plans shall fail;

Before to-morrow noon, there will

Be men upon his trail.

But let not Blacksnake think it so,

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Be prudent, brave and wise,
And for your sake your friends shall live,
Menona never lies.
Then bounded through the thicket fast;
The object in his mind
Was to gain the camp he'd helped to build,
And stout Soxlixus find.
Then Edwin to his mother's side,
Who stood prepared to meet,
With resignation in her heart,
The Christian's solace sweet.
She was prepared for weal or woe,
For such the human mind,
To be allured to any pitch,
To any fate resigned.
Thus by some mighty, secret laws,
Which we cannot explain,
Proximate minds, the feelings take,
And, against our wills, remain.
So Mary the same spirit caught,
And nearly passive stands,
Awaiting till she should be placed
In her tormentor's hands.

CANTO XVIII.

Ah! who can paint the parting scene
 Of friends so strongly bound?
 And warmer, kinder, truer friends
 Than these, were never found.
 The shortest parting of true friends
 Will ever give great pain;
 Then what the feelings of such friends
 That ne'er shall meet again?
 For Robert's lady's tender form
 Was carried from the spot;
 Her mind and frame o'erwhelmed with grief,
 Such was her wretched lot.
 No fond adieux, no parting kiss,
 But slowly to the strand,
 Where two canoes, with Hartel's train,
 Soon bore them from the land.
 Four sinewy arms in each canoe,
 Propelled her swift along;
 Those little barks, as things of life,
 Clove through the current strong.
 Those light boats, made of strong birch bark,
 Like sea gulls clove the tide;

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Each did contain the owner's store,
And other freight beside.
The shore was lined with lofty elms,
And intervalles along;
The bass and salmon gambolled then,
In the waters of St. John.
The wild deer, browsing on the cliff,
Would scamper through the brake
Soon as she heard the paddle sound,
Or saw the rippling wake.
And as the deer breaks through the fern,
When hunters do pursue,
So Edwin hurried through the wilds,
And Hartel kept in view.
Sometimes ahead a mile or more,
Would coolly sit him down,
As by some eddy's curving point
The vessels would glide round.
At length he said: 'The sun is high,
Menona's time is near;
And I return, with one more gaze
On those I love so dear.'
He sat him down beneath a shade,

Close by the water side,
 And as they passed, Blacksnake's keen eye
 The little hero spied;
 Then quick he laid his paddle down,
 And quicker seized his gun,
 But ere his hand did touch the lock,
 A stone was swiftly flung
 With force; with vigor and true aim
 The little missile flew,
 And struck him fairly on the neck,
 His balance overthrew;
 His gun and he did kiss the stream,
 And ere again he rose,
 The Eagle Eye was bounding far
 Beyond the reach of foes.

CANTO XIX.

His mother's eye had caught the scene,
 And in her heart arose
 A holy hope that God would yet
 Rescue them from their foes.
 Long ere the sun the zenith gained,
 Our hero had retraced
 His steps and stood among the tribe

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In his old wonted place.
At length Menona's form he spied;
A look the warrior gave
That filled young Edwin's heart with hope,
He knew that all was safe.
Menona signed, and he obeyed,
And soon they gained a space
Beyond the fort, a leafy shade,
A venerated place.
There sat Soxlixus with the chief,
The mighty Peter Bear,
And Eagle Eye arrived in time
The latter's words to hear:
'Well, be-it so,' the chief replied,
'And hurry on the track,
Touch not one hair on Hartel's head.
But bring the captives back.'

CANTO XX.

We will not pause to paint the scene,
Or how Soxlixus felt;
His eyes and lips seemed both on fire,
Such strong emotions felt.
But yet he simply kissed the boy,

And said, 'I all do know,
 In one short hour be prepared
 To chase your direst foe.'
 Had India's gold, or brightest gems
 Been laid at Edwin's feet,
 It could not cause one half the joy,
 Or such emotions sweet.
 No, never in his happiest days
 Had hope appeared so bright;
 Now he should as a warrior move,
 And as a warrior fight.
 Could you have seen his stripling form,
 And marked his daring eye,
 You'd say, great courage such as his,
 No foe could him deny.
 Nor will we try to paint his thoughts,
 Dear reader, pray forgive,
 We'll just pursue in humble way,
 The simple narrative.

CANTO XXI.

Thus long, full long, before 'twas night,
 Another bark did pour
 Her rapid way up the fair stream;

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Three warriors brave she bore.
'Twas stout Soxlixus did her guide,
No change was in his mien;
His mind resolved, no passion's trace
In his dark face was seen;
A passer-by might well have said,
'They're out for fish or game,'
Had not their speed and headlong course
Fully belied the same.
Menona paddled in the bow,
A warrior brave but young;
Already, poets of his tribe
His martial praises sung.
Soxlixus' sister's son was he,
His true and constant friend,
And ever on the red war path
His uncle did attend;
And Edwin's slight and feeble arm
Did ply the paddle too;
Thus like a courser at full speed,
Did fly the light canoe.

CANTO XXII.

'Twas night! and fair the gentle moon

Swept through the vaulted sky;
 Yet oft seemed sad at sight of crime,
 That loud for blood does cry.
 And on a gently rising ground,
 Through which a streamlet flows,
 Blacksnake resolved to pass the night,
 But not to seek repose;
 For Hartel reasoned in his mind,
 To separate the twain
 Would remove all hope from the younger heart,
 And his she would remain.
 Hartel, 'tis plain you never knew
 The heart of an English lady true.
 'Take thou the heart of the Open Hand,
 Were Hartel's orders brief,
 'And act your will, but touch not life,
 Such are my orders, chief;
 For if the younger in her mood,
 Refuse to yield to me,
 Ere many days we'll reach Quebec,
 I am sure of victory.'
 But Blacksnake scarcely understood;
 Thoughts rolling in his mind

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Were not akin to Hartel's thoughts,—

Were of a fiercer kind.

The day and time had now arrived,

The long, long wished for hour,

To wreak his hate on Open Hand,

And now he used his power.

Then first he bound her to a tree,

One other brave did aid;

The second one, by Hartel's wish,

Had also bound the maid.

CANTO XXIII.

Some forty yards apart they stood,

When Blacksnake thus began:

'Look! yangee squaw, this is your child,

The blood of Open Hand.'

The little darling then he drew

From by its mother's feet,

Its plaintive wails were on the air,

'Oh! save me, mother sweet.'

Then as a cat does toss her prey,

Before she does it rend,

Blacksnake did toss and bruise the child,

Who never did offend.

Matilda only hid her eyes,
 And silently did pray
 That death would quickly send her child
 To realms of endless day.
 With fiendish glee then Blacksnake laughed
 At each successive fall
 Of this dear child on the pebbly rock,
 Too feeble now to call;
 And as the clots of infant blood
 Did deeply dye the sand,
 Blacksnake would taste the same and cry,
 'The blood of Open Hand!'
 The other warrior viewed the scene,
 Nor moved he from the spot,
 Nor strove to share Blacksnake's revenge,
 And interfered not.

CANTO XXIV.

And how does gentle Mary fare,
 This cruel, cruel night?
 Deprived of liberty and friends,
 Deprived of every right.
 Hartel was ever by her side;
 Entreaties, threats and prayers

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Were used in vain, to all of which
She answered but with tears.
The darkness veiled from her view
Scenes passing by her side;
She did not see the cruel way
Matilda's daughter died;
She could not see its brains and blood,
Now sprinkled on the sand;
Life could not long sustain the blows
Of Blacksnake's bloody hand.
At length the Frenchman's patience wore,
His passions urged him on;
He cut the bands that bound her feet,
The withes of hazel strong.
'Now yield thee, maid of the soft dark eye,
Or force I will employ;
Your angel face, and seraph form,
This night I will enjoy.'
His arms around her slender waist,
With vigor then were thrown,
Her hands were bound by cruel bands,
• And none to save her, none.
'In vain are prayers, in vain are cries,'

This villain then did say,
 'Not God or man shall save you now,
 For once I'll have my way.'
 Hartel, beware! an angry eye
 Does now your hellish actions spy.

CANTO XXV.

The maiden with a piercing shriek,
 Sank swooning to the ground,
 And the next moment, Edwin's knife
 The heart of Hartel found;
 The other warrior, Hartel's friend,
 Did rush on Eagle Eye,
 But a bullet from Menona's gun,
 Soon taught him how to die.
 The glittering fire's flickering ray
 Did ample light provide
 To see the Frenchman and the chief
 Lie dying side by side.
 And round the other fire, too,
 Did rage a furious fight;
 For there Soxlixus and Blacksnake
 Were warring in their might—
 And just as Blacksnake did his hand

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Upon Matilda lay,
Soxlixus from the thicket sprang,
Like tiger on his prey.
But Blacksnake was an active chief,
And stout Soxlixus found
A foe that would his valor match,
As they rolled upon the ground.
Young Edwin and Menona ran
To take share in the fight;
'Keep back, my friends,' Soxlixus said,
'His' scalp is mine by right.'
And such a fight, by the slender light
The half spent fire threw,
No thought of mercy in their hearts,
As each their long knife drew;
Like serpents round each other twined,
Then rolled upon the ground—
Each sitting, thrusting with his knife,
Inflicting many a wound.
At length Soxlixus' better skill,
Proved that the task was done,
Blacksnake's heart's blood did stain his knife,
The victory was won.

CANTO XXVI.

The other Indian, Blacksnake's friend,
 Remained upon the ground—
 The seat he took when his work was done,
 When the captives first were bound.
 When all was o'er, the fire blazed,
 Piled high with wood anew,
 And on the top, in fragments torn,
 Was Blacksnake's light canoe.
 A hasty council formed of three,
 For Edwin, in their eyes,
 Did stand as chief, and well he knew
 His feelings must disguise.
 He just unloosed his mother's hands,
 One tender kiss exchanged,
 Then took his seat and smoked in turn;
 And thus they did arrange
 That all the stores which Hartel bore,
 Likewise his light canoe,
 Should be possessed by Blacksnake's friend,
 Should he consent to go
 Far from the tribe, another home,
 And kindred, friends, provide.

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He did consent, as Blacksnake's friend,
He had but few beside.
'Now, Menno, go!' Soxlixus said,
'And let us ne'er again
Meet in the tribe or on these shores;
My tongue moves not in vain.
You know a lie stains not my lips,
And should we ever meet,
If you disclose what passed this night,
My gun or knife shall speak.'
He signed his willingness, and moved
The stores without delay;
With his Micmac brothers, Menno will
In future ever stay.
Then quickly did his paddle ply,
And soon was lost to sight,
Till fainter rose his paddle sound
O'er stillness of the night.

CANTO XXVII.

Soxlixus sat and washed his wounds;
Which were many but not deep;
Whilst Edwin and Menona dug
The place of Hartel's sleep;

They with their paddles clove the sand,
Close by the water side;
An end befitting of their deeds
By the Walloostook tide.
First on the bottom Hartel lies,
And Blacksnake on his breast;
Their hopes, revenge and wicked plots,
Forever there must rest.
Soxlixus' face no longer wore
Expression late so wild,
But met the females as they knelt
Close by the murdered child.
Matilda took his proffered hand,
A tear stood in his eye,
This warlike child of nature felt
The kindred sympathy.
'We now return to our pleasant fields,
Oh, wife of Open Hand,
O'er which your son shall bear the rule,
When he becomes a man.
I'll train him in the paths of war—
Of fishing and the chase;
The greatest chief he will become,

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That ever led our race.
And now Blacksnake and Hartel's gone,
They were your direst foes;
And all who seek your further harm
Must share the fate of those.
I am your friend—my course I'll run
Just as I have begun;
A lie has never stained the lips
Of my honored father's son.
But still the selfish thought prevailed,
He would not give her joy,
Nor tell her that her husband lived,
For fear he'd lose the boy.

CANTO XXVIII.

Their light canoe Menona brought
From where they first did land,
Some forty rods below the spot
Where now the party stand.
And all embark,—the little corpse
Within its mother's arms;
Sweet lump of clay, you're happy now,
Free from all earthly harms.
Once more returning to the fort,

Adown the fair St. John,
 The veil of night is o'er them spread,
 Yet still they paddle on,
 And just as daylight faintly shone
 Upon the hills around,
 They landed on a sacred spot—
 The Indian burying ground.
 Rude were the implements they used,
 To dig the narrow bed,
 In which to lay the little child
 Beside the Indian dead.
 No choir to chant the funeral psalm,
 No coffin bound its breast,
 But wrapt in bark, the darling takes
 Its everlasting rest.
 Ah! ye who are blest by civil laws,
 And feel the social charm
 Of kindred hearts when in distress,
 That sorrow-healing balm—
 Have not your heart-strings oft been wrung,
 While standing at the grave
 Of those for whom you willingly
 Would give your life to save?

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Ah! then you felt the soothing power
Of the sympathetic tear,
And friends you ever loved before
Became then doubly dear.
And those who've studied nature's depths,
Her deep mysterious laws,
Do know that no effect e'er rose
Without a prior cause.
They know that man—rough cruel man,
On his own might depends;
But woman's heart forever yearns
For the sympathy of friends.
And those that drop the kindly tear,
When sorrow's clouds do lower,
Do hold a warm place in her heart,
Forever from that hour.
And yet Matilda ne'er despaired,
Though deep her heart was wrung,
For all on earth to her was gone,
Except her noble son.
And grief's deep fountain can't be staid,
The flood gates will o'erflow,
But Matilda's heart in secret kissed

The hand that gave the blow.
 God's ruling hand, in mercy shown,
 She plainly could perceive,
 And in his word, his power and grace,
 She firmly did believe.
 The friendship shown by those rough hearts
 That now around her stood,
 Their timely aid in the pressing hour,
 Was it not the work of God?
 Thus meek religion's holy wings
 Soar high above all earthly things.

CANTO XXIX.

Each one that knows the human heart,
 Or reads the human mind,
 Knows well how different are the thoughts
 And traits they sometimes find.
 Thus habit reconciles to most
 Or every bloody deed,
 Enabling us soon to perform
 What once we'd weep to read.
 Thus Robert, used to scenes of blood,
 Did only smile and say,
 'The king another servant's lost,

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That was not worth his pay.
And his sweet lady in her joy—
Her dear loved friends to see,
Some days elapsed ere she asked to what
They owed their liberty.
The joyous heart of pleasure quaffed,
For all she loved was there,
Deep pleasures ever are but brief,
For sorrows all must share.
None of the tribe, save Peter Bear,
Did ever learn the tale—
And his consent was gained before
Soxlixus left the vale.
But few the soldiers of the fort
To learn the cause e'er tried,
Or why they had returned again,
Or how that Hartel died.
He was not loved, and little known,
Few cared to know his end;
Of those that kept Maductic fort,
He'd not a single friend.
The soldiers too, had other views,
And other ends to meet,

For selfish aims are paramount,
Beyond all thing most sweet.
They felt secure from all their foes,
Pleasure supremely reigned;
For Robert knew each as a friend,
And discipline restrained.
And love is potent everywhere—
On land and on the sea.
Where e'er there's youth of either sex,
There love is sure to be.
And those young gallants of fair France,
Obeying nature's laws,
Soon learned to love the forest nymphs,
And soon the dusky squaws.

CANTO XXX.

The Jesuit father, DeLambert,
Consent had given round;
Already several couples were
In matrimony bound.
And gay and free they happy lived,
Contentment was their lot,
It seemed they had their native land
And former scenes, forgot.

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A Frenchman's heart is always gay,
His mind is apt to range,
And none like he so quick to suit
Himself to every change.
The ensign of stout Robert's corps,
A gay and gallant man,
Did woo the child of Peter Bear,
And boldly sought her hand.
Long had the chief refused to yield
His only daughter dear.
Till Robert, for his ensign's sake,
Resolved to interfere.
The chief, in honor of his friend,
Reluctantly complied,
And on the second day of March,
She was to be his bride.
But fate ordained that day should be
The darkest in their history.

PART VI.

CANTO I.

Again, kind reader, time has changed,
And scenes and seasons too,
We now return where last we left
The friends of Milburn true.
Cold is the day, the fierce north wind
Does howl on hill and plain,
Snow-flakes in eddying currents fall,
Then rise and fly again.
But still a band of armed men
Were seen to hurry on,
Fort Dummer had the party left,
Bound for the fair St. John.
But little cared they for the cold,
Each soldier onward bore,—
And lightly o'er the snow they marched,
For each his snow-shoes wore.
Hardy, bronze-faced men were they,
All men of iron frame;
They'd led a life of hardship's toil,

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In war or after game.
Each bore a heavy burden too,
His leather sack contained
Provisions for the distant route,
Though oft they fed on game!
And round the shoulders of each man,
His blanket snug would throw,
Him to protect from every cold,
And from the dreary snow.
The lightest and the youngest men
Did move on every side,
It was their task the fires to raise,
And likewise game provide.
Thus, when at night in some close swamp,
They'd raise hugh fires clear,
Whose reddening flames and cheerful blaze
Would warm the atmosphere,
When all around each would partake
His meal, then lay him down
Upon some boughs laid on the snow,
With blanket wrapt around.
And in the morn, each would arise
From off his snowy bed,

The matin prayer and then the meal,
 Such was the course they led.
 The party did consist in full
 Two hundred men or more;
 Each day they made a long advance,
 To the Walloostook shore.

CANTO II.

One morn the leader, (Rogers stout,)
 To Milburn thus did say,
 'Since old Fort Dummer we have left,
 This is the nineteenth day,
 And Burwell says three days at most
 Will make our journey end,
 Oh! for some friend within the fort,
 On whom we could depend.
 But as it is, our weapons good
 Must tell a gallant tale,
 My motto ever was 'advance,'
 That motto ne'er did fail.
 We must contrive to reach their town
 Some hours before 'tis day,
 When the silent hour is on the earth,
 And all do sleeping lay.

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No quarter then; the seed they've sown
Throughout this cruel war,
We will repay with single stroke,
Which shall be felt afar.'

George Milburn spake, the elder heard
With patience for awhile,
Till the word 'mercy' caught his ear,
And then did grimly smile.

'Mercy indeed,' he quickly said,
'Did they e'er mercy show?
Did pity e'er let fall an axe,
When raised to strike a blow?

There seems to be a thirst for blood
In both the races here,
Which will continue till the tribes
Have left this hemisphere.

Each male pappoose becomes a man,
Each female bears the kind,
Each one we spare is work reserved
Until some future time.'

George Milburn in deep silence heard;
His memory did recall
The night when those he loved so dear,

By Indian hands did fall.
 Perhaps not one of all that band
 But what had lost some friend;
 Thus vengeance burned in every heart,
 To which they would attend.
 And with this feeling all press on,
 Until they reach the fair St. John.

CANTO III.

The cold north wind had ceased to blow,
 The sun with force did shine;
 The first of March is sometimes fair,
 In this our northern clime.
 And at Maductic 'twas indeed
 A very busy day,
 The carnival* was at its height,
 And all was grand display.
 But not the carnival alone
 Caused such rejoicings there;
 To-day young Ensign Baudin weds
 The child of Peter Bear.
 The fire-water freely flows,

* In Catholic countries the feast days before lent are called the carnival.

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And all do free partake,
The meanest Indian of the tribe
Feasts for the young bride's sake.
Each camp and lodge pours forth its crowd,
To swell the pomp and din,
Not in the memory of the tribe
Had such rejoicings been.
Without the fort did stand a tent,
And cleared had been the snow,
In which both lute and violin
There dulcet strains did throw.
And through the merry mazy dance
Were love and mirth displayed,
Each gallant son of France would whirl
Each dusky Indian maid.
The Indian youth too, play their parts,
Like brothers all they seemed,
But for the color of the skin,
The same they would be deemed.
The fort itself was free for all
Who chose to come or go;
A soldier served the eating crowd,
And liquor free did flow.

The elder warriors of the tribe,
 Who did not join the dance,
 Would quaff the glass and plight the hand
 With the veterans of France.

CANTO IV.

Thus ere 'twas night the deep carouse
 Had many a warrior sent
 To Bacchus' land, within the camp,
 Or lodged within the tent;
 And in the fort the soldiers too,
 No better fate had shared,
 For Bacchus, that all-potent god,
 But few of them had spared.
 Yet some stern braves the cup despised,
 (Though they did number few,)
 Soxlixus, and some three beside,
 Refused the fiery dew,
 And cursed the day the blue waves bore
 The white man to our strand,
 Who by his arts so soon should sweep
 The Indians from the land.

CANTO V.

In Robert's house true quiet reigned,

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Although the ladies viewed
The sport until it riotous grew,
But soon had changed their mood;
For Robert from the Jesuit priest
Ample provision drew,
For all to drink and feast at will,
And this each soldier knew.
So when dark midnight's purple veil
Upon the earth was thrown,
No sound was heard unless it was
The feeble, drunken moan.
And now let's take a furtive glance
About the hour of two,
Within the walls of Robert's house,
And draw a picture true.
Young Edwin and the Jesuit priest
Are now both lodgers there,
Matilda passes the same bed
With Mary Hanson fair.
But what is it so sadly pains
Robert's fair lady's heart?
Her sleep has often been disturbed
By many a fitful start,

And direful visions round her bed
 Her fitful mind has seen—
 At length her eyelids will not close,
 And long awake she's been.
 At first she hears a rumbling sound,
 Like thunder in the glen,
 And then she fancies 'tis the march
 Of military men.

CANTO VI.

'Awake, my lord! I plainly hear
 Strange noises near at hand.'
 'Oh, no—lie still; 'tis but a sound
 Made by some drunken men.'
 But other ears had caught the sound,
 Soxlixus soon did know,
 His active senses never slept,
 He heard the coming foe.
 Then to the open air he flew,
 And loudly made resound
 The war-cry of the Mellicites—
 The woods re-echoed round.
 And Robert quickly on the field,

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'The foe! the foe! they come!'
But not an answering bugle note,
Or rolling of a drum.
And then arose a deafening shout,
And rifles rolling din,
Bold Rogers dashed inside the fort,
And others followed in.
Good light was there—a huge tin lamp
By the carousers hung,
Which had not been extinguished
When the carouse was done.
And on the floor, in every nook,
The drunken soldiers lay,
Whom Rogers' men did quick dispatch,
Some time before 'twas day.
Another party in the town
The work of death pursued;
All fared alike—the young and old
Did welter in their blood.
No sex was spared—squaw and pappoose
Did howl their death-song then;
'Twas cruel work, but what is worse,
'Twas wrought by christian men.

CANTO VII.

No comments make, kind reader dear,
 Those times are passed away;
 Our ancestors performed the deeds,
 Then what have we to say?
 When day first broke upon the scene,
 The wigwams flamed high;
 'Burn not the fort! No quarter give!
 Was Rogers' twofold cry.
 Some French and Indians on the ice,
 Fast flying from the town,
 But daylight showed them to the foe,
 Who soon did shoot them down.
 Soxlixus ran to Robert's house,
 In search of Eagle Eye;
 He saw it was in vain to fight,
 And wished with him to fly.
 He swiftly ran, unscathed by harm,
 And onward fast he bore,
 Until a bullet pierced his heart,
 He fell at Robert's door.
 The flag of France, that long had waved
 Proudly o'er fort and town—

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That flag which bore the fleur de lis,
By Rogers was pulled down.
Poor Robert! not an arm to strike,
Not one to help defend,
Saw at a glance that all was lost,
None able to contend—
Cried loud, 'We yield!' as Rogers' men
Advanced towards the door;
'Here, take my sword—I yield myself
A prisoner of war'

CANTO VIII.

Now Milburn, whilst the slaughter raged,
Did search each wigwam through,
And David Burwell at his side,
In vain had hunted too.
His heart it almost sank with dread,
For trace could not be found,
Although he knew if his wife yet lived,
She was within the town.
When Robert unto Rogers gave
His word, and said, 'I yield,'
Rogers commanded, 'Spare each white
Now living on the field.'

None were alive save only four,
 And they were wounded sore;
 While all around were strown the dead,
 Some hundreds two or more.
 Then Robert led his household out,
 The English ladies too,
 While Rogers' men drew up in file,
 The captives there to view.
 'My son! my wife!' George Milburn cried,
 She sank upon his breast;
 Those constant souls again were joined,
 And, reader, guess the rest.
 Old Burwell pressed him through the crowd,
 Till, reaching Mary's side,
 'Here, David, I've redeemed my word,
 Now take her for your bride.'

CANTO IX.

Ah, who can tell what each heart felt?
 Their thoughts were far above
 The power of language to describe,
 Why need we talk of love?
 We will not try to paint a scene
 So far above our reach,

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Dear reader, you and I have felt,
Then let our feelings teach.
What could young Edwin's thoughts have been?
Great pleasure mixed with pain;
His own dear father by him stood,
And there Soxlixus slain.
He took the Indian's hand and gazed
Upon him as he slept,
'My best of friends, my truest friend,'
And silently he wept.
No eye was dry in all that crowd
Of stern and hardy men,
And Rogers said the sight was worth
The trouble o'er again.

CANTO X.

But quick we hurry o'er the scene,
For Rogers did consent
To bury all the fallen foes,
Before from thence they went.
And Edwin earnestly implored,
At length consent he found,
That all the dead should be interred

Within the burying ground.*
 The place that had for ages been
 The grave-yard of the dead,
 Was nearly opposite the fort,
 Upon the eastern side.
 And there the bodies were conveyed,
 In two deep pits they lay;
 Those French and Indians there shall sleep,
 Until the judgment day.
 George Milburn dug Soxlixus' grave,
 'Twas Edwin's hand that gave
 The bark that served as winding sheet,
 And laid him in his grave.
 Then turned him with his living friends,
 And in his later years,
 The thoughts of that stout Indian chief
 Would always cause him tears.

CANTO XI.

Three days did Rogers' band remain,
 And on the fourth pursued
 Their homeward journey to the south,

* The Indians of that period considered nothing of more importance than to be buried with their ancestors.

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In cheerful, happy mood,
Excepting thirty who remained
To guard the captured store;
Thus, from Quebec to St. John's mouth,
The reign of France is o'er.
An Indian sledge did each provide,
And carried much away,
For Rogers gave each man a share
Who did not choose to stay.
Three sledges large were covered o'er,
And warmly, closely lined,
To bear the ladies through the wilds,
Safe from the cold and wind.
Four active men to draw each sledge
Across the frozen snow,
The fifth of March the party moved
Their southward route to go.
Fair Casco's town they safely reached,
And there they did disband;
Each sought his home, for war no more
Did desolate the land.
Cid Burwell there redeemed his word,
For Mary by the side

Of David, joined in wedlock bands,
Was made a happy bride.

CANTO XII.

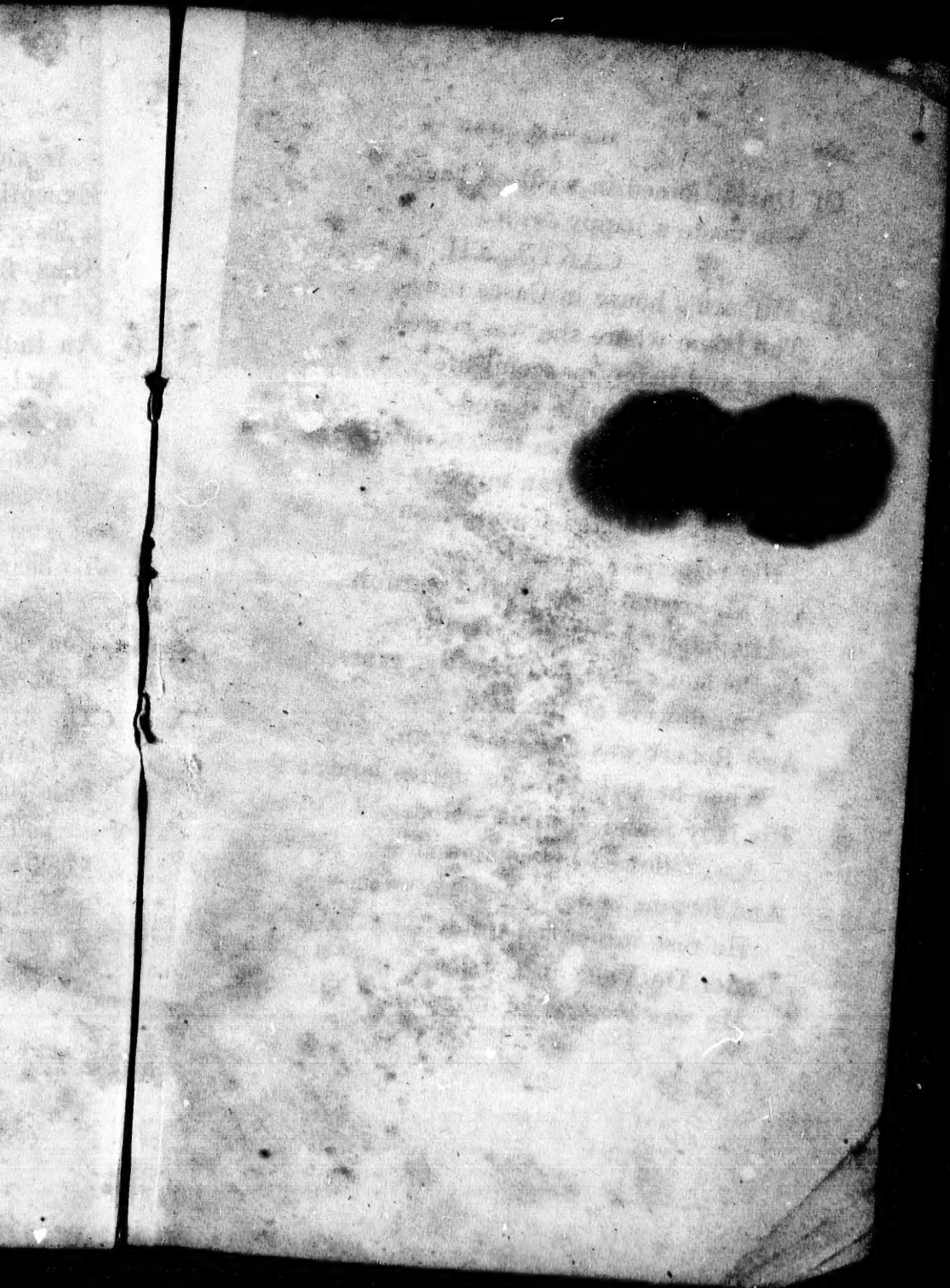
In Milburn's house in Casco town,
The home where she was reared,
A long and happy peaceful life
Was by this couple shared.

He lived and died in fear of God,
No earthly cause can make
The really true God-fearing man
His principles forsake.

And all around him felt the warmth
His happy heart did yield,
As the sun's rays do cheer the grass,
And flowers of the field.

And Robert was a happier man,
When he sailed for his native land;
His lady found Matilda's God,
And followed his command.

And fortune smiled upon his path—
He rose in martial grade,
Under De Vaux in Corsica,
He was general of brigade.



On page 82, fifth line from top, for old Mathla knew, read well Mathla knew.

Page 86, 11th line from top, for painted dart, read winged dart.

Page 72, 8th line from bottom, for saue foe, read savage foe.

Page 80, 4th line from top, for William, read Milburn.

Page 134, bottom line, for William, read Milburn.

Page 136, 6th line from bottom, for Robert, read Bobert—pronounced Bobear. This name occurs many times in the succeeding pages, and should read Bobert.

Page 144, for warlike bird, read warbling bird.

Page 155, 8th line from bottom, for Old David, read and David.

Page 168, first line, for old David, read Old Burwell; same page, 5th line from bottom, for David, read Burwell.

Page 188, 2d line from top, for bound, read burned.

Page 220, last line of Canto 29, for and soon, read and woo.